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WITH GORDON IN CHINA.

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THOMAS LYSTER LIEUT. R.E.

WITH GORDON IN CHINA

LETTERS

FROM

THOMAS LYSTER,

LIEUTENANT ROYAL ENGINEERS

98564

WITH PORTRAIT

EDITED BY E. A. LYSTER

London
T. FISHER UNWIN
PATERNOSTER SQUARE
1891

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PREFACE.

WHEN collecting my brother's letters for the use of his younger kinsmen who were growing up to manhood, and who would, I trusted, profit by the example of his earnest life, I was led to think that they might prove of more general interest.

At the time when the greater number of them were written my brother was serving with General Gordon, and to the close of a too brief life enjoyed his friendship and esteem. He was, indeed, "praised by one who is praised by all the world." I had hoped to have included some of the many letters General Gordon wrote to him, but as they contain allusions to some who are still living, it seemed better to Miss Gordon that I should only give the substance in so far as they affected my

brother's life. I have added such narrative as serves to explain the occasions on which the various letters were written. Should they appear unstudied in thought and diction, I would ask readers to remember that they were often written in the hurried intervals of active service, or when the writer was wearied after days of fatiguing toil. I hope, however, that they will be found to reflect a life of steadfast purpose, and unflinching devotion to duty. Short though that life was, it cannot fail of true success if any others are encouraged by it in the path of honour :—

" So others shall
Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,
From his hand and his heart and his brave cheer."

E. A. L.

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WITH GORDON IN CHINA.

CHAPTER I.

1840–57.

WOOLWICH.

"It is true that every life which has been lived conveys to the world some message which should not be lost."

THOMAS LYSTER, fifth son of William Lyster, J.P., of the County Kilkenny, was born on the 5th of July, 1840. He was sent when only seven to join his brothers at a Preparatory School in the neighbouring Queen's County. In 1852, the boys were moved to Kilkenny College, then under the head-mastership of the Rev. John Browne, LL.D., and one of the most flourishing schools in Ireland, when not a few were to be found there.

From his earliest years Tom showed a striking originality of character, the traits that afterwards distinguished him being very strongly marked in his boyhood. One of these was an absolute truthfulness, which made him shrink from even the slightest approach to an exaggeration. Full of energy and determination he yet possessed a singularly tender, affectionate nature. His love and reverence for his mother were boundless; she was for him to the end of his life "the best and dearest woman in the world;" while to his sisters he was ever the kindest and most thoughtful of brothers. His deep attachment to his home and family only increased as he was more completely separated from them. Though he was active and high-spirited, there was a vein of deep seriousness in his character, and at an age when few boys look beyond the passing hour, he had begun to take an earnest view of life and its responsibilities. As an instance of this trait, when he reached the age of fourteen, he asked his father to decide on the profession he wished him to follow, as he was anxious to begin at once to work with a definite object in view. It being then settled that he should study

for Woolwich, he set before him from the first the prize of a commission in the Engineers, and all his energies were directed to this end.

At this time the Royal Military Academy had not been opened to public competition, and it was difficult to obtain a nomination for a candidate who was not closely connected with either branch of the service. The applicant in this case was not without some claims to a favourable consideration on this ground, as some members of his family had served with honour in the army ;[1] but objections were urged on the score of his age. A chance vacancy however turning up, he was suddenly called on to present himself for examination. He passed very creditably, gaining fifth place amongst thirty successful candidates, and entered Woolwich on August 8, 1855, being then just fifteen years old.

When leaving home he resolved to write once every week, and he kept strictly to this

[1] Two of his grand-uncles (brothers) died in the service : Capt. Charles M'Clean, of the Bombay Artillery, and Lieut. George M'Clean, 18th Regiment (Royal Irish), who, at the age of twenty-four, went down with one hundred and twenty officers and men in the *Prince of Wales* off the coast of Blackrock, near Dublin, in 1807.

rule, though he could seldom spare more than a few minutes at a time for correspondence.

He writes a few days after his arrival :—

R. M. ACADEMY, WOOLWICH.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I would have written yesterday, but had not time as it was my first day here.

We get up every morning between six and seven o'clock. We are then paraded, and go into study until eight, when we get breakfast. We begin to work shortly after, staying in till 12.30. We dine at a quarter to one, and then study from 2 p.m. till 4.30. We work again in the evening for two hours. We have a parade before every meal for about five minutes, and if there is a speck seen on a fellow's uniform he is put under arrest.

There are four cadets in each room. I have a very nice room and the senior cadet is an Irishman—K. H. He and I are very good friends.

In a letter to his sister he gives a description of the uniform then worn by the cadets :—

R. M. ACADEMY.

I have got most of my uniform now. It consists of a big blue cloak with red collar, and is very like the old coachman's coat at home. Then there is what they *call* a "coatee"—such a thing! I think mine was made specially to keep me from eating a good dinner—it is so tight! The trousers and cap

are not bad; but as for the shako—— If you got a beer-barrel and encircled it with your much-loved and ever-to-be-remembered bearskin jacket, and stuck Topsy's [his sister's pony] tail on the top, then you would have something like our shako! No matter, the uniform is to be changed next April—a long look-out.

R. M. ACADEMY, *Thursday Evening.*

I am beginning to like the shop, as it is called, better every day. I shall get on very well now as I have got used to it.

There were two fellows expelled on the 15th for bullying one of my batch. They applied to Lord Panmure, and he has allowed them back again, as he found their former conduct was very good, but they were reduced from corporals. Lord Panmure and Mr. Maunsell came here on Tuesday, we were all paraded before him, and then marched into the dining-hall, where Lord Panmure made a long speech about those fellows who were expelled. It was his first visit to the Academy. . . . The corporal of my room got a large hamper to-day from home. It contained ham, cake, chicken, plums, peaches, and a dozen pots of jam. It is the custom here that whatever a fellow gets he divides with his room; and he gives as little as possible to any one else. . . . You must not think I am getting too fond of the good things of this world; but eating, sleeping, and saying our prayers, are the only comforts we have here.

TO HIS MOTHER.

R. M. ACADEMY, *September* 20, 1855.

. . . I am getting on very steadily at my studies and find them much easier than I expected. I thought, before I came here, my mind would never be at rest until I had passed; and now I feel I shall never rest until I get out of Woolwich. It is a long time since I had a vacation entirely to myself, and I do not intend to have one until I get away from this place. As I have not told you how study is carried on here, I shall just give you a short account of it. There are four Academies, and every cadet has to enter in the fourth, pass up to the first, then he goes down to the Arsenal, and spends about six months there before he gets his commission, either in the Engineers or Artillery, according to his merit. There were four fellows in the fourth Academy besides our batch, which makes altogether thirty-eight. I stand sixteenth in the Academy. There are generally four classes in mathematics, and I was put into the third when I came, but thinking myself worthy of the first, I worked hard, and was rewarded by getting into it. So you see *I am not going down the hill.* If I were as sure of everything else as of my mathematics, I should feel certain of being among the first five or six at the next examination. I shall do my best, and you need not be afraid that I shall disgrace myself. There is another batch coming up in November; one hundred and four are to be examined, and thirty

of the best chosen. They are clearing off all the nominations now, and going to carry on examinations for admission in a different way.

R. M. ACADEMY, *May*, 1856.

There was a terrible explosion at the Arsenal yesterday. Six men were killed and fifteen wounded. I fancied I heard thunder when the explosion occurred. Two houses were blown up, and all the windows for a long distance shattered. They were driving rockets, and one man used a steel instead of a brass hammer, which caused the rocket to explode.

If we go to London we shall be marched to Hyde Park and back again, when the review is over, so I shan't have time to go to the general's. . . . I had a letter from P. yesterday; the honour he got was a very good one.

I am sorry J. has given up everything for the chance of a commission.

R. M. ACADEMY, *August* 21, 1856.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I arrived safely last night. . . . I have been made head of my room, which is equivalent to lance-corporal.

An awful change has taken place here since General L. resigned. Colonel —— has mixed up the barrack in every way—not by seniority as it used to be. I have got a fellow, who has been at the "shop" two years longer, in my room. We are

not allowed anything at tea. The lights must be put out at 9 o'clock, and a lot more which I can't tell you.

There have been seven fellows dismissed since last time, and five are to be examined to-morrow. They must either go down to the Arsenal, or be sent to the right about. . . .

The fellows seem to be getting more sensible; they say they will work. If they don't, they will be very quickly got rid of. About a dozen fellows were warned to-day that if they did not look sharp, their career as cadets would be very short.

I began this letter in the morning, and had not time to finish it. Those fellows I told you about in my last letter are not to be sent away after all. They are only put back from the second into the third Academy, and one got solitary confinement for twenty-four hours.

I should not mind staying here for the vacation if I could find out any good place where I could study French, Fortification, and Mathematics.

R. M. ACADEMY, *October* 1*st*.

There have been awful rows here lately about bullying. One cadet has been expelled, three rusticated, and about a dozen punished in a less degree. You may have seen something about it in the *Times* or *Globe* newspapers. Indeed they are very strict here now. It was proposed by Lord Panmure to send us all away for two years to grow, and his

proposal was very near being carried into effect. I am sure if all the fellows were my size, that need not be done. The authorities say we are too wild and do not understand military discipline, &c.

Our course in Fortifications and Mathematics has been made much longer, and a lot of other subjects brought in, which makes it about four times as difficult to get through as it was a year ago. . . . I have not decided yet where I shall spend the vacation, but, wherever it may be, I shall work *very* hard.

I am making a case of humming-birds for you. I hope you will be pleased with it. I am also making a model of a six-inch mortar; it is very tedious to make, as it has to be turned out of a piece of brass, filed down, and various other things done before it will be completed. I began a box for E., but have not had time to finish it yet, as I can only spend an hour at a time in the workshop. I hear rumours of a war, which I am ashamed to say I should not be sorry for, as in the present state of affairs getting on in the service seems to be all luck.

I fear under the new arrangement it will be impossible for me to get into the Engineers; but no matter! better men than I am have been disappointed before now.

TO HIS SISTER E.

October 19th.

There is a fair going on at a place called Charlton, about a mile from here. We are not

allowed to go there. It was to Charlton fair that all the cadets went on "French leave" in C. F.'s time. They took the legs off the stools, fell in in four divisions, marched off and cleared the fair, doing damage to the tune of £200, and came back to barracks at about nine o'clock. That was in the good old times!

To his Mother.

R. M. Academy, *November* 16, 1856.

As usual I shall excuse you for not writing, as I know you have not got time. I made a rule to write to you every week, whether I heard from you or not, and I cannot break it.

The examination is drawing very near now, and there is one subject which I am very anxious about, and that is my French. The French master tells me that the only way for me to improve in it, is to go to Paris for the vacation. . . . The Governor has advised those cadets who have not been in France to go there, in order to improve their French, I beg of you not to consider this an idle whim of mine—a desire to see the world, or spend money. I have been thinking over it all this half-year; besides I find I cannot read at home. I find my mind continually wandering to something else, and I cannot help it.

Having obtained his father's permission to

spend the Christmas vacation in France, he writes:—

I am indeed grateful to you and father for the confidence you place in me. It won't be abused if I can help it. I am going over with a cadet whose people are staying in Paris. He has written to his father to look out for decent lodgings for me.

He stayed for a week at the Hôtel de Lille et d'Albion, and then went to board with a family in the Rue Taitbout. He writes, when he had been there a few days, to his mother:—

RUE TAITBOUT, *December* 30, 1856.

You see I have changed from the hotel to here. . . . The family consists of Monsieur and Madame B., Mademoiselle something (Madame's sister), and a little boy aged seven. Monsieur B. is a professor of the French language; he gives me a lesson every day. . . . I sit with Madame and her sister every evening till bedtime, chatting. I could not understand a word when first I came, but am beginning to comprehend a little now. None of them speak English. The charge is two hundred and fifty francs a month, including candles, fire, &c. The H.'s have been very kind to me. I spent Christmas with Mrs. M., Mrs. H.'s daughter. Mr. M. was a captain in

the Guards. I have made some other friends besides. . . . I met a very nice old gentleman at the hotel; he and I used to walk a good deal together. I thought at first he was a clergyman, as he wore a white tie, but he told me one day that he was painting a portrait of the Empress for our Queen; and I found out he was Sir William Ross, painter to her Majesty. When I was leaving the hotel, he showed me the picture, though it was not quite finished; he also showed me one of the Queen.

PARIS, *January 9th.*

I spend my time very happily here. The B.'s have a soirée once a week, which is a very cheap mode of entertainment, the refreshments consisting of weak (very weak indeed) tea and cake! The B.'s say I am improving in my French, but that may be a *French* compliment! I read to madame every evening; she says I am "*très aimable*," but I don't believe it, so many have told me the contrary.

I suppose you read an account in the papers of the murder of the Archbishop on Saturday? His body can be seen at his house, but I don't think I shall have time to go. . . .

Friday.

I am wishing very much to hear one of Musard's concerts. I think I shall go on Saturday evening, as you will be listening to Catherine Hayes at the

same time. I hope you and father will enjoy yourselves. I shall be thinking of you all the time. It is very strange I dream about home nearly every night, and never about Woolwich. . . .

I don't care in the least for Madame B., although she *says* she likes me. She tells me she dislikes the other "*monsieur*"; he is not "*aimable*" nor "*comme il faut*," &c. I think her dislike is caused by his large appetite; this has ruined his character in her eyes. She says "he treats the house too much like an hotel"—and that kind of thing.

I believe we are to have something fine on *mardi prochain*, as it will be the little boy's birthday. No one came last "at home" day, the evening being very wet. I did not intend joining the party, but when the hour of expectation passed and no one arrived, Monsieur B. came into my room and invited me to join them in the *salon*, as there was a good fire there—a rare luxury in France. So I went and found madame, her sister, and the little boy there. As we were talking, I said, "I supposed she was sorry her guests had disappointed her." She opened her eyes wide at my remark, and said, "On the contrary, she was very glad," while mademoiselle laughed outright as she expressed her intense satisfaction at the non-arrival of the company. It seemed very strange to me, and I thought how differently you would feel, if you had invited friends and they had disappointed you. The Parisians have not much heart. . . . They seem to have no religion here; they never go to chapel, and madame plays the

piano nearly all Sunday. It is no wonder that the English are so superior to the French. They (the French) know nothing of home-life. For instance, Monsieur B. (who, besides being a professor, has a situation on the railway) has only two free evenings in the week, Tuesday and Saturday. He is obliged to spend Tuesday at home, as it is a "guest night," but on Saturday he always goes to a *bal masqué*, concert, circus, or walks about the boulevards. I think he might spend one evening with his family. But, indeed, it is more their fault than his; if they made home more attractive, I am sure he would. . . . I am afraid I have criticised the French character rather severely, but is for want of some news to tell you. . . . I have not changed the notes you sent yet. I intend making a calculation of the money I shall need, and with what is over will buy gloves for you all. I am afraid you will think me a barbarian when I go home. I often wish I could meet some one like you, but that would be very difficult.

When passing through London on his way from Paris, the young cadet called on his cousin, General Robinson. It may not be out of place here to give an extract from a letter of the latter to his young kinsman's mother, describing the favourable opinion he had formed of her son:—

54, UPPER BERKELEY STREET,
February 4, 1857.

Your fine, handsome son called to-day. From the little I have seen of him I should fancy him to be a very steady, sensible young fellow, one who perfectly understands the nature of his position, and seems determined by every effort on his part to obtain the great prize of a commission in the Engineers. This I conceive to be the most desirable appointment in the army, and Tom is resolved by the closest application to gain it, and I have every confidence in his success.

On his return to Woolwich, Tom writes:—

I have every reason to be satisfied with my trip to Paris. I lived as savingly as I could. I often think of you all, and wish to be with you again. The worst of it is that, when I go home, I never like to leave it. But it is much better to work now and enjoy oneself afterwards. It will require very hard work to get down to the Arsenal next time. I like the "shop" better now than ever. I am now what they call an old cadet. . . . General Robinson is very kind to me; he says he will be glad to help me in any way he can. He knows our Governor very well. He told me he had a medal and seven clasps for the Peninsular War. I suppose you know he was twice wounded severely during the war.

You must excuse this letter with your wonted

indulgence. My pen, like a broken-down horse, is tripping up every moment.

To his Sister E.

R. M. Academy, *February* 8, 1857.

I am greatly pleased with my trip to Paris. I find my French much easier now, and it gives me confidence to have travelled a little. Madame B. seemed sorry when I was leaving. She filled my pockets with chocolate to amuse myself with on the journey. Mademoiselle asked me to "think of her sometimes." I am a corporal now, and hope to get another good-conduct mark for the last half-year. We had a muster yesterday before Colonel Wilford; he made a speech and presented one of our number with a gold medal for extraordinary cleverness. There were several ladies present to witness the performance.

To his Mother.

I am working very hard now. I get up at five in the morning, and I intend to get up at four as soon as I can get some means to waken me. The servants are not here at that hour. I was thinking of getting an alarum. We are to have the same examinations as those provisional fellows who got in by public competition, which is hardly fair, as they are all very old, and some of them B.A.'s, &c., of Trinity College, Dublin. It will be awfully hard for me to get high up amongst those fellows.

However, let us hope for the best. If hard work can do any good, I shall succeed. We went out for a tremendous march on Saturday (you will see an account of it in the *Times*). W skirmished on the way, and did all kinds of manœuvres. We have an awful lot of drill now. . . .

May 17th.

The examinations come off on the 1st of June, and continue for a fortnight. It is a shame, changing them so suddenly, but the people here don't care for any one. As for getting the Engineers, I cannot say whether I shall succeed or not. As you and father are anxious, I hope I shall; but for my part I have not much choice, as Colonel Wilford said the other day, "I cannot advise you which to choose, as a great many things connected with both have to be considered, but both corps are equally honourable." It is very difficult for me to get a choice, as I have much cleverer fellows against me, all of whom wish for Engineers. I only beg of you not to be disappointed if I fail, since the greatest ambition I have is to please you and my father. You may be sure that if I can get the Engineers by my own exertion, and without taking any unfair advantage of my brother cadets, I shall do so. But I would not try staying back six months for all the Engineers that ever were made.

The result of the examination for the prac-

tical class showed that he had gained third place among those cadets who had gone through the same course of study with him, but as he was classed with those who had entered by public competition the preceding year, he came out eleventh of the total number. This was a bitter disappointment. The first ten only being allowed a choice, he feared his chance of a commission in the Engineers was very slight. However, he did not lose heart; he writes at once, asking his father to draw up a statement of the facts, and send it to Lord Panmure, adding:—

> I shall not be disappointed if the application does not succeed. If I get the Artillery I intend to read a certain time every day. This will give me an advantage over those who *don't read*, which is the case with almost all subalterns. . . .

The Indian Mutiny had broken out in the May of this year, 1857, and Delhi was in the hands of the rebels. The news of the atrocities perpetrated by the Sepoys had reached England, thrilling all hearts with horror, and inspiring all martial spirits with a fierce desire to avenge their countrymen, and the helpless

women and children who had been the victims of such barbarous cruelties.

In answer to a letter from his mother, Tom writes, on September 14, 1857:—

You say you hope I shan't have my commission until the war is over. Well, since the fact will be as consolatory to you as it is the reverse to me, I must tell you that I have no chance of getting to India. A great number of officers are trying to go there. And don't you really think it would be better to die with your sword stuck in the *gizzard* of a Sepoy beast who had massacred some poor lady and her child, than die of slow fever in Hong-Kong, the Barbadoes, or on the West Coast of Africa? . . . I hear there are bad accounts from India. It is strange I never can get a fellow to believe that the chances are against his returning. He always hopes for the best. . . .

A very sad occurrence has just taken place here. An E. I. Company Engineer officer came a short time ago, and worked night, noon, and morning, in order that he might get out to India before the war was over. He got into bad health in consequence, and when he had nearly finished, went home for a few days, got ill and died. He was a nice, quiet fellow, and very religious. I met a cousin of his at the General's. I think it is much better to read steadily for six or seven hours a day than injure one's self towards the end by working twelve or fourteen. We are

only required to work five hours a day in our rooms, but it is quite enough, as a fellow has to stand most of the time stooping over a drawing-board.

A few days later he writes in high spirits, announcing that his application for a commission in the Royal Engineers had been granted—

LONDON, *Thursday.*

Almost weary with waiting and suspense, I proceeded to the Ordnance Office to-day (determining it would be for the last time), amid the rain and wind. I had my new hat blown off, and my French umbrella turned inside out. After battling against innumerable difficulties, what disappointment awaited me, do you think? I shan't keep you in suspense; but did I not always say that there was no use in applying, that it would only get me into fresh rows, sent away altogether perhaps? Well, to come to the point, Lord Panmure, as I suppose you know, has retired, and my application went before him on Saturday. (What wretches they were to keep it so long!) When I asked about it the fellow did not give me time to finish my question, but said (well, I shan't chaff you any more, mother dear: I suppose you know I have been doing so all the time)—he said, "I am happy to tell you that your application has been granted." Hurrah! The official notice will be out in a day or two. I was thinking of

going home this evening for a week, but the expense would be too great for such a short time.

P S.—Do forgive me for keeping you in suspense so long. I suppose you thought something dreadful was coming.

On October 1, 1857, he was gazetted to the Royal Engineers. He was then just seventeen, but looked much older, as he had reached his full height, nearly six feet, and was unusually manly in bearing and manners for his years. Placed in an independent position at an age when many are still schoolboys, he realized fully its responsibilities; and from this time his character deepened in seriousness. He took the highest view of his profession, and devoted himself with ardour to his duties. He always maintained that a soldier's calling was one of the noblest, there being no room in it for sordid aims or motives. He had deep religious feelings, and, though reserved in expressing them, he was never ashamed to show his colours when the necessity arose, and all his actions were guided by a simple, earnest trust in God. He had no taste for what is called "gaiety," but he thoroughly enjoyed all manly sports and

pleasant, social intercourse. Like Kingsley, he looked on the world as God's, not the devil's world; while from "the evil" he ever strove to keep himself free.

His chief reason for wishing to get into the Engineers was that he might be able to begin at once to live on his pay. Being one of a large family, he determined to take no allowance from his father, and though, at first he found it very hard to get on without one, he kept strictly to his resolution.

He joined at Chatham on the 13th of January, 1858, but only remained there for some months, as he was moved to the Curragh in the following August. This was a most welcome change to him for many reasons, the chief one being that he was within a few hours' journey of home. Then as he had many friends in the neighbourhood, a day's shooting or fishing was always attainable in the season; and it being a less expensive station, he was able to keep a horse and enjoy an occasional run with the hounds—his favourite amusement. He remained at the Curragh until the autumn of 1860, when he was ordered to Gibraltar.

CHAPTER II.

1860–62.

GIBRALTAR.

"Il avait des goûts sérieux et simples. Il aimait le travail, les longues promenades, les grands espaces, les chevaux et les livres. Il adorait son village et tous les vieux témoins de son enfance qui lui parlaient d'autrefois. . . ."—LUDOVIC HALÉVY, *L'Abbé Constantin.*

GIBRALTAR, *November* 26, 1860.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I arrived here at 10 a.m. yesterday, quite safely. . . .

We left Southampton on Tuesday at 3 p.m. There were about one hundred and fifty passengers on board. We all dined at four. They gave us an excellent dinner: soup, fish, &c.

The first night was calm and most enjoyable, but on Wednesday the wind got up, and the sea was very rough indeed, and there were very few passengers at breakfast. I remained on deck all day and got a tremendous wetting. The next two days were wet

and windy, but Saturday was a beautiful day, and the passengers turned out like butterflies. Lots of people I had not seen during the whole voyage came on deck. There were a number of ladies on board.

There were three officers who were in Lucknow during the terrible siege. One was married, and his wife was with him, and tended the wounded men; she is very pretty and quite young. There was one fellow I knew on board, an Artillery officer, who was going to Australia to buy horses to send to New Zealand. . . .

We arrived at Gibraltar, as I said, at 10 a.m. The sea was very rough, and I found the greatest difficulty in getting on shore, as we had to come about three-quarters of a mile in boats in order to land. The whole thing was very badly managed. . . . When I landed I was besieged by a lot of "*scorpions*" (the natives are called so), who laid hold of my luggage and tried to make off with it; however, I got three as porters, a mule and cart, and had my traps brought to the Engineer quarters. The beggars wanted to charge me any amount, but I would not listen to them, and walked quietly away without paying anything, as they would not be satisfied with what I offered them. They came after lunch, saying they would take whatever I gave. It was very pleasant meeting such a lot of Engineer fellows. I took a long walk about the fortifications this morning. It is beautiful weather here now. There had not been rain for six months until quite lately. There are no wells here. All the rain-water

is caught in tanks: you may imagine what a drought there was while there was no rain. We have a little orange-grove behind the mess-house; it looks so strange to see oranges growing all round. The temperature is like summer weather at home. . . . I am very lucky in being posted to a division where I shall get forage allowance; three of the others do not draw it. I am looking out for a horse. . . .

I expect leave to see you in a couple of years, when, please God, I shall find you all well: it does not seem far from home here. . . . I think I can save a little money when I get into the way of the place. . . . The town is under strict military *régime*. The duty is pleasant, being strictly military engineering—not the kind of work we had at the Curragh. . . .

December 23, 1860.

. . . I was anxiously looking out for the mail which brought your letter. You can't imagine how we appreciate a letter or news from home out here. From the time the mail steamer is signalled till the arrival of the corporal with the letters we are in a state of suspense, and as for the unfortunate individual who is disappointed, he is in a bad humour for the rest of the day. I am glad you are all well, and wish you a happy Christmas. Six of our fellows are asked to dine with the Colonel on that day. . . .

I was at a ball at the Governor's on Thursday

and danced with some Spanish ladies. I do not admire them much; they do not at all equal the English ladies in appearance. . . .

Michael[1] is going on capitally; he is making considerable progress in writing and arithmetic. I am the envy of a good many fellows who did not bring out servants with them from home. When you are writing next, ask his father if he would like to enclose a letter to him; he is very anxious to hear from home. I took a long walk of about twenty-five miles the other day, and passed through a town called San Roque, where they have bull-fights every summer. The roads are wretchedly bad, being impassable to vehicles. Everything is carried on the backs of horses, mules, or donkeys. . . . I don't think provisions are dearer here than at home. The pork is very good, as the pigs are chiefly fed on acorns and the fruit of the cork trees. There are no English civilians here except the officials and a few visitors. We do not mix as much with the other regiments as we did at the Curragh, there are so many of us here. No Spaniards are allowed in without a "permit," nor are they permitted to walk about the streets after midnight. They must feel rather small, being kept in such order in their own country by foreigners. I have not very much work to do, but am never idle. There is a splendid library here—a grand place to spend a wet day in. . . .

[1] A young man whom he had taken out from home in his service.

He writes on January 3rd to his sister E. :—

I wish you all a happy New Year. I hope you had a pleasanter day than I had. . . . I must tell you how I spent Christmas. I went to church in the morning, and dined with five brother officers at the Colonel's in the afternoon. . . .

I have become quite reconciled to Gibraltar. The greatest luxury here is the glorious weather; now it is just like the finest summer weather at home, cool, bracing mornings, hot days, and mild, balmy evenings. I am about to commence photography again, and shall have intelligent sappers to perform the work you, P., and B. did so patiently and effectually for me at home. I have not made the acquaintance of any ladies since, except two at the Governor's ball, which I think I told you about. I did not enjoy it very much, and only danced five or six times. I tried a waltz with a lady about four feet high, and could not get on at all; the floor was like glass, and that combined with the height of my partner bothered me completely. I have not gone on a shooting excursion yet, not being possessed of a horse. I intend buying one as soon as I can manage it, and then shall be able to tell you what the country is like. The bands play in the Almeda every day. There we see the Spanish ladies drive and promenade. They do not wear bonnets, only a black veil over their heads. . . .

I am going to be sent to Europa, about two miles away, with a company for a month or so soon. . . .

To his Sister B.

Bleak House, Europa, *January* 16, 1861.

I am staying at Europa still. I find it much healthier than the town; it is in fact quite a different climate. There is a fine sea-breeze, and with the exception of the place being damp I find it comfortable. People here do not go out in the summer, so I expect to read "a power" then. I have not been to any dances since; they are the only amusements here, as I do not play billiards. I have got a little Turkish horse, about as large as E.'s pony. I must send you a photograph of him. . . .

I look forward very sadly to a dreary five years which I fear I am doomed to spend here. These are strange times; the New Year has not chased away the gloom which hangs over the Continent. However, come what may, Gibraltar is safe. One has no idea of the strength of this place till he sees it. We are strengthening the fortifications every year. . . .

I have an ancient concertina on which I murder "Home, Sweet Home," "The Last Rose of Summer," and a few other simple tunes. There is no music procurable here for the said concertina. When you go to the shops to get anything they happen not to have, they always say they are getting it out. My music has been coming out ever since I came here.

To his Sister E.

Gibraltar, *February* 3, 1861.

The troop-transport ship *Himalaya* has just come in from Malta; she is to take the 2nd Company of R. E.'s home, so we shall have to move back to town. . . .

I have just lost a splendid spaniel that followed me out here the other day. When the *Himalaya* was coming in, I came on the parapet to have a look at her. The dog came with me, and while looking over, either got giddy or a fit, and tumbled over a perpendicular height of 125 feet into the sea. The poor beast was killed almost at once—his body is half-way across to Africa by this time. This season of the year is called the Carnival here. There are a great many subscription balls going on almost every night—some are *bals-masqués*. I have not been to any of them. The Spanish ladies go to the most respectable of them, but the English ladies do not go to any. . . .

A Spaniard stabbed his sweetheart here a few days ago, and then tried to stab himself. He is dangerously wounded. He was jealous, and meeting her in the street in the middle of the day, he put an end to her existence. She was only seventeen. This is a warning to young ladies not to flirt when they are engaged, or provoke the temper of their lovers. Spaniards are very treacherous, and exceedingly ready with their knives; they are, how-

ever, afraid of the Britishers, and keep clear of them.

The other day a *garda costa* took possession of a British vessel in British waters. When she was examined two bales of tobacco were found which by some mistake were not entered in the list of the cargo. The Spaniards brought her over to Algeciras and sold her. The English are awfully angry about it. The Spaniards would not have dared to have done it in the daylight, as it is contrary to the treaty to meddle with a British vessel in British waters. The batteries would have fired on them and sunk them in a twinkling; they have done so on a few occasions.

You see they have amalgamated the Indian Artillery and Engineers with ours, which will involve our going to India. They are making great preparations for war in France. There is nothing but war and rumours of war all over the Continent.

To his Brother P.

Gibraltar, *February 3rd.*

How I envy you the good shooting you had at home at Christmas! A fellow left here last week to shoot in Spain. He rode about forty miles into the country, and will remain away a fortnight; he expects to get lots of duck and snipe. I have got a pony, for which I paid the large sum of six pounds! The Engineer mess here is very expensive, and runs away with a fellow's pay. We have only eight

members, and keep up as large an establishment as a line mess. I intend to try to put a stop to it when I go back to town. Things are just as cheap here as at home, but fellows won't believe it. I have only been to a few balls since I came, as I don't care for them much. The Spanish women are not nearly as handsome as they are supposed at home to be. They have all dark eyes, with no expression, and have awfully thick ankles and large feet. A fellow does not appreciate his own countrywomen till he comes abroad.

We have visitors constantly; Kavanagh of Borris was here in his yacht a few weeks ago, and Sir Robert Peel is here now. . . .

There is a good racket-court and billiard-room, but I don't belong to either. Shot[1] is all right, but is getting wild for want of work. I fancy a dog loses his nose here. The fox-hounds cannot live in Gibraltar in summer: they have to be sent home.

To his Mother.

February 18th.

I don't like Gibraltar a bit better than at first. I have scarcely any work to do, and I spend the greater part of my time reading in the library. This is a good station for a line fellow who has money, and also for Engineers who are seniors; but as I am the junior subaltern but one, I don't see any prospect of an appointment or increase in my pay. The

[1] A retriever he had taken out from home.

men who stand the climate best are those who take most exercise and drink least. I am rapidly becoming a teetotaler for two reasons. The first is, I can't afford to drink wine; the second, I am beginning not to care for it. I am so glad you are all well. You can't imagine the interest one takes in everything relating to home when one is far away from it. Some fellows, when they get letters, dance about in the most frantic manner, and read them over and over again.

One of the peculiarities of Gibraltar is the number of suicides which are committed in the summer. There is an easterly wind called "Levantine," which causes a great depression of spirits. It is cold and damp, yet at the same time dries up everything and taints meat in twenty-four hours.

March 20th.

The weather is getting very warm, though still quite cool in the shade. I get up at 5.30 every morning. I do not like it *much*, but will keep it up through the summer. I often take a ride into Spain, which is about the best amusement to be had here.

We have made a change in our mess. We were being robbed outrageously by the cook, so I determined to make a stand, and persuaded some fellows to agree with me. We then called meetings, and after any amount of speeching we abolished the catering system. Every one is *now* glad of the change, but it seems strange they did not think of it

before. Some fellows' mess-bills amounted to £25 a month.

GIBRALTAR, *March* 25, 1861.

MY DEAR B.,— . . . You cannot imagine how glad I am always to hear from you, and it is much pleasanter when the letters come by the mail than otherwise, as in the former case I am on the look-out for them. . . . This place is particularly slow just now, as far as balls and parties are concerned, but the weather—oh! the weather is truly delicious: a hot sun all day, cool in the shade, and most beautiful sunsets. If only one could bring this weather to England! — you cannot imagine how lovely it is with the trees in full bloom. I went out shooting on Monday last, and stayed till Wednesday, but had no sport. We were after large game, boars, deer, wolves, &c. The place we went to is called Cork Wood. It is a most beautiful place, just like a demesne, only much larger (100 square miles). I enjoyed the trip very much, and felt the better of it for days afterwards. I intend to go over to Africa some time or other; it is rather dangerous going there now, as the Moors are on bad terms with the Christians, and the savages think very little of murder. One of our fellows was out boar-shooting the other day, and was charged by a boar which he had wounded; the dogs, however, came to his rescue before he was hurt. He only got a slight scratch fortunately. There were some ladies looking on. . . . Another time a tremendous animal charged

the ladies, but was luckily shot by Drummond Hay, the consul at Tangiers, when within about five yards of the ladies. . . . We are to have an increase in the corps at last; it has been promised a long time. I am afraid I shall not be a captain after all by the time I go home. We have a new officer, who has just come out, Captain Fitzroy Somerset. I am very glad he has come. The place is improving wonderfully, and, when we have reorganized our mess, will, I think, be quite endurable. I do not see anything of the Spanish ladies now that the balls are over. I must say I do not admire them in the least. I fancy those one meets here are not like the real Spanish ladies; their faces seem to me to be all alike—dark eyes, with no expression. They all wear black dresses, and veils over their heads. Of the different species of men who inhabit this place, I like the Moors the best; they are fine-looking fellows, and dress very gracefully with turbans, embroidered jackets, and loose trousers like the *Zouaves*; they are scrupulously clean, and keep quite to themselves. The "scorpion" (a sort of mongrel born here) I dislike most, with the exception of a few Jews. There are a great many different classes of the latter. . . . You may be sure I often think of you all, and more especially on Sundays. It is a curious thing that on that day one misses home most. It was not so bad at the Curragh, as I spent most of my Sundays with J. H., P., or Mrs. W.; but at Chatham and here it is different, and I am particularly lonely on that day. I know very few people here. . . . The wife of the

commanding officer of Artillery is my best lady friend; she patronizes me for the sake of her son, who was in my room for two half-years in Woolwich.

To his Sister E.

Gibraltar, *April 16th.*

There has been nothing new since I wrote last, with the exception of races, but as I believe you have never been to any, an account of them would not interest you. I had a long walk into the country on Sunday. It certainly looks beautiful now. There are any amount of pretty wild flowers, shrubs, large trees, &c., also ravines, and all sorts of queer places. We have plenty of boating and sea-bathing. . . . I was invited to a picnic to-day, but was too busy to go. We always ride to picnics, as it is not possible to go in vehicles. The country in some places resembles that about home, but there are no walls, and when you get some distance into Spain, the country is thickly wooded, and you have to ford rivers, cross in ferries, and do all sorts of curious things. . . . Shot is going on well, but groans a good deal from the heat.

We see a great many folk here on their way to India, Australia, New Zealand, and other places.

I am happy enough here now with the distant prospect of going home on leave.

Dont forget to tell me about the horses when you write.

April 25th.

I am over head and ears in work, taking photo-

graphs and training horses. I have volunteered to break in the most savage animals in garrison by the "Rarey" method. I have sold my pony, and bought a horse that defied the efforts of two officers and a Spanish trainer to tame him. I have only had him two days, and have brought him round. . . . We are expecting the Empress of Austria here daily.

GIBRALTAR, *May* 12, 1861.

MY DEAR E.,— . . . The weather has been gloomy for the last three or four weeks, but you would call it fine at home. . . . A gang of robbers have come to this vicinity, and lodged themselves in the Cork Wood. They have committed several robberies lately, and it was reported the other day that they had murdered three persons. About a week ago a gentleman from Gibraltar was riding there with his wife, when they were attacked by two men, one armed with a long knife (which the Spaniards always carry), the other with a club. The lady had a light whip, and her husband a heavy hunting-crop with a hammer at the end of it. The gentleman's horse reared and threw him, when the robbers instantly set upon him. He, however, got up and knocked one of his assailants down: his wife then came to his assistance and belaboured both men about the ears with her whip, until at last they were beaten off. The gentleman was stabbed in five places, but luckily none of the wounds were mortal. The robbers have not yet attacked the

military, although we have parties in the wood every day; when they do, I think they will be likely to catch some Tartars!

We had the Empress of Austria here the other day: she is young, pretty, and has a very good figure. She came in her Majesty's yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, and only remained a few hours. I have been doing some photographs lately. There is a Government machine coming out, and we are to be allowed a good sum every year for chemicals. I intend taking views in Spain shortly, copies of which I will duly forward you. We had the Duke of Oporto here yesterday. In fact we are constantly having visits from swells whose curiosity excites them to see the Rock. . . . I have been successful in training a horse—a most intractable animal—by the Rarey system. . . . I have not commenced to study Spanish yet, but will soon do so.

Have you any idea of going to the Exhibition of 1862? You will be glad to hear that the design which has been adopted for the Exhibition was made by a Royal Engineer. It was open to competition, and all the eminent architects in London tried for it. There was no interest or favouritism in the matter, as they were rather against Fowke, on account of his being an Engineer officer.

TO HIS MOTHER.

GIBRALTAR.

. . . I was just going out to a review in honour

of the Queen's birthday, when I was presented with your very welcome letter. I had time to read it before we commenced operations. The day was extremely hot, and the greater part of the time we were up to our ankles in hot sand which would roast an egg in a few minutes. The affair passed off well, the sappers as usual taking the shine out of the other troops by their good marching.

The weather is warm, but I do not mind it much; I bathe twice a day, and enjoy it thoroughly. I go to the market every morning to buy things for the mess. I shall give you the price of a few things to show they are not dear: lamb, 4d. a lb.; beef, 6d.; eggs, 9d. a dozen; a basket of vegetables, 6d.; plums, apricots, figs, cherries, &c., 1d. a lb.; a large melon, 4d.; muscatel grapes when they are in season, 2d. a lb. Wine is very cheap; you can get the common wine of the country for 8d. a bottle, and drinkable sherry for 1s. 6d.

I enclose a few photographs. I am hard at work taking photographs of batteries and maps; these would not interest you, and I am not allowed to give any. . . . We have not had any cases of cholera yet. A good many of the troops have been suffering from "rock fever": this is easily cured by change of air; the lucky ones get leave and go home.

The amusements here now are cricket, boating, swimming, reading, and listening to the band in the evenings; I go in for the three last.

September 22nd.

We have had the sanitary commissioners out here for some time. One is an Engineer officer, the other a doctor. Poor Lord Herbert was one when he was alive. . . . We have dined at four o'clock all through the summer. . . . One of our captains returned on Thursday from a month's leave in England; he gives a frightful account of the weather there. It is six months since we had any rain—nothing but sunshine. You may well call Gibraltar the *Rock* now; everything is dried up and the place covered with dust. Indeed Gibraltar is made for heat; the Rock, rising perpendicularly above the town, shuts out all the air and absorbs the heat, which it gives out during the night, so that the only really cool time is early in the morning. People say this is the hottest summer they have felt for years. The thermometer was 90° in the shade to-day.

To the Same.

GIBRALTAR, *October* 1, 1861.

We have had a little rain here lately, which has made the climate rather cool and pleasant. . . . The Duke of Beaufort is coming out to spend the winter, and to hunt with our hounds. It is reported that the Duke of Cambridge is also coming. All the people who have been away during the summer are now returning. The races take place in ten

days. . . . We are to have races and games for the men, and a rifle match this month. This is a frightful place for subscriptions; everything is kept up by the officers—races, bands, balls, charities, &c. For instance, I shall have given by the time I am a year here, £4 to races, £6 to hounds, not to speak of destitute Garibaldians, starving subjects in India, &c. We also have to subscribe to the Soldiers' Home, a very good institution, where the soldiers can spend their evenings. The Government doesn't allow the doctors to give the men in hospital any luxuries, so we subscribe to get them such things as arrowroot, jelly, &c. There was a corporal in my company bad with fever lately; I went to see him, and they told me he got dry bread and tea, which the poor fellow couldn't swallow. I sent him some arrowroot, and another fellow sent jelly. The next time we went there we heard the man was dead. I think he would have recovered if he could have got change of air, as he was convalescent for a time and then got a relapse.

To his Sister E.

October 3, 1861.

The weather here has changed—rain, rain, rain continually. It has taken away the intense heat, and one feels energetic again. I have changed my quarters. I now live with another fellow in a kind of cottage *orné*, if you can imagine such a thing in Gibraltar. We have a complete little establish-

ment: house with four rooms, verandah of trellis-work with vine-trees in front, a tiny garden on which I am going to exercise some ingenuity, two kitchens, stables, hen-houses, &c.—all on a very diminutive scale—also a pump, which is, however, no addition to our establishment, there being no water to pump up. . . . Lady C. and her daughters have returned from England, so the winter festivities will soon commence, and we shall have good music in the cathedral. Miss C. plays the organ there; she is a very good musician. I find it very difficult to think of anything to say that would interest you. As you do not know any of the people here, you would not care to hear the gossip of the place, such as "Jones has got a new horse; Brown is in love with Miss Robinson; Smith had a row with Smythe." Neither would it interest you to know that meat has risen to 6d. per lb., or that grapes are nearly out, and oranges will soon be in; or that "Bombardier," "Volunteer," "Schinderhannes," "Van Arteveldt," and "The Baron" are favourites for the races. This is the latest news in Gib.

Another married captain has come out here. We are going to try to induce the married officers to dine once a month at the mess with their wives; this would be a boon to the bachelors, and taking a business view of the matter, an advantage to the mess, as ladies would be paid for as guests (men), when we all know they would not eat as much. (How horrid to speculate thus!) . . . The Spaniards are a very indolent people; they are a long way

behind other European nations. The country is just like what England must have been about the year 1600. The travelling is on horseback, there being no roads a carriage could traverse except near the towns. The poor animals carry enormous loads, on the top of which sits the lazy Spaniard smoking. They all carry guns and knives; it is dangerous to travel through the country unarmed. The Government is a military despotism, and the people are very much afraid of the soldiers, who are a hardy, underfed race. You meet them everywhere. The Spaniards are very abstemious as regards spirituous liquors, but they think nothing of stabbing each other. . . . Gibraltar is considered a kind of Paradise by the Spaniards, whereas in England it would be looked on as a dirty town.

I think I see the signal up for the mail, so must conclude very abruptly.

To his Sister E.

October 19th.

I send you and B. the long-promised Bernouses, a cushion and sleeve-links to mother, a bracelet to Em., and slippers and tobacco to father. I would send more of the latter, but am afraid the fellow who is taking it might have to pay a great deal of duty on it. . . . You can't imagine what a pleasure it is to me to get a letter from home; it makes me happy for the whole day; all troubles are forgotten, and it sets me thinking of you all, and of our

meeting in a short time. Here I know no one except brother-officers. . . . However, it is a satisfaction to feel that I am going on all right as far as my duties are concerned, and that I have done nothing rash—which comprises running into debt, killing or maiming some one, or falling in love—since I came here. Our mess is in a very satisfactory condition now; we each take the catering for a month in turn, and it just costs about half what it did when I first came. The fellows would not believe we could ever succeed in reducing the expense. At the first meeting when I proposed a reduction, one fellow said, "We must have a gentleman's dinner." I asked him "what that was?" He said, "Soup and fish." We had it as a joke against him afterwards that his definition of a gentleman was "one who ate soup and fish at dinner." I got two fellows to join me, and we registered a solemn vow that we *would reduce the expense*, and we so tired out the others by calling meetings that they agreed to let me take the catering for a month. Each one now vies with the other in making his month the cheapest. We have some hunting here, but not so good as at home. I have a little horse that carries me very well. . . . I am going to be fiercely economical, so that I may have something to spend when I go home.

To his Sister B.

November 27th.

A year yesterday since I arrived here. Time passes more quickly here than at home, it is so monotonous. The winter parties have commenced, but I have not been to any. I was asked to one at the Governor's a few evenings ago. He has always been very civil to our fellows. I often go out hunting. The sport is better this year than it ever has been before, on account of the Duke of Beaufort being here. He brought out some hounds with him, which are the best in England. We often come across wild deer when out hunting. Most of the ladies hunt here; there is no difficulty about it, as there are no fences. The wife of one of our captains got the brush the other day.

A man in my company got drunk on Sunday, and was carried into the guard-room; he died unexpectedly in two hours afterwards from the effects of the liquor he had taken—bad wine and gin. The poor fellow had not much warning; he was buried to-day. Several of the non-commissioned officers had to be reduced lately for being drunk. It is very sad, as it has always been the best company here. One corporal who was at the Curragh with me, and was always very steady, got a regular mania for liquor; he had saved £100; he also has been reduced to the ranks.

TO HIS MOTHER.

December 19th.

. . . I was very sorry to hear that Prince Albert was dead. . . . I heard on the morning of the 16th that he had died the day before. The Queen will feel his loss immensely, and the country also. . . . I am very comfortable in my new quarters. We are doing up the garden, &c. Michael and I have come to the conclusion that the best of being abroad is the prospect of going home again—there is no doubt about it.

TO HIS SISTER E.

GIBRALTAR, *December 20th.*

I have now seen enough of Gibraltar. If there is not a row with the Americans, I am afraid I shan't be a captain for fifteen years—pleasant! I would give anything to go to Canada. . . . I have given up hunting, as I found I could not get leave often enough; we have a good deal to do here now, there are so few of us. I often take a good long walk, especially on Sundays. I am thinking of going on a walking tour into Spain with another fellow. . . . My garden is in a flourishing condition; I expect to have lots of pears and grapes next year. I intend to get some poultry, and then we shall have fresh eggs. You see how domestic we are. . . . I don't think you ought to trouble about —— being badly spoken of

by those people. For my part I should feel much more complimented by the censure than by the praise of a fool, and *vice versâ*. I am sure —— is of the same mind.

His first letter of the New Year is addressed to his mother :—

GIBRALTAR, *January* 3, 1862.

A number of us dined with our colonel on Christmas Day, and managed to enjoy ourselves very much. I had a capital day with the hounds on Tuesday. We crossed a river, and had to swim for it. Some of the horses broke loose, and a few fellows disappeared altogether under the water. We are a good deal indebted to the Duke of Beaufort for bringing his hounds out here.

We are all in deep mourning for Prince Albert. No gaieties or entertainments going on. There is still some excitement over the American business. Nine or ten men-of-war are here ready to cross the Atlantic; some have gone already. Should war be declared, they will probably send some troops from here. I am afraid I have no chance of going.

We had a shipwreck here on the beach, quite close to the Rock, at 3 a.m. on Sunday. The crew got into the rigging, and were taken off by a man-of-war boat. The poor fellows were eight hours in the rigging. We had a man drowned by falling into the water when he was drunk the other evening. This

makes three men, in as many months, who met with sudden deaths through drunkenness. It is very sad! I never saw anything like the state the garrison was in at Christmas. The men were allowed to get drunk with impunity, and they certainly took advantage of their liberty. It was really a most disgraceful state of things. It is a shame that men should be allowed to make beasts of themselves. I am quite sick of garrisons for that reason. Sunday or any other holiday is looked forward to as a day to get drunk.

I am glad you like the photographs, and shall send you more when the weather improves.

To his Sister E.

January 11, 1862.

. . . Intense excitement has prevailed here of late respecting the American difficulty. Some regiments expected to be sent from here if there was a row. I believe, according to the latest intelligence, the affair is all settled now. Some Engineer fellows would have gone from this, but my chance would have been very small. The weather has been cold enough for the last fortnight to enjoy a fire in the evenings. There is nothing going on now, but we have enough work to keep us busy, which causes the time to pass quickly. They are talking of making alterations in the Engineers. I should not be sorry, as any change must be an improvement. We want a little

re-organization ; nothing in that line has been done since we were established.

In February he went for a short tour with two cousins, who were travelling in Spain. He writes on March 2nd, when he had returned from his trip :—

I suppose you have heard before this that I have been to Malaga with J and C. R.—that is the reason I have not written sooner. . . . I liked Malaga pretty well ; there was very little to do there, except riding and boating. There were no nice walks to take—a great drawback to the place in my mind.

I went to Granada for one day to see the Alhambra. The country is very fertile and well-cultivated, but it would have looked much better if the trees had been in leaf. It would be difficult for me to describe the beauty of the Alhambra, so I shall not attempt it ; besides, I am sure you have read descriptions of it already, and have a good idea of its magnificence. The climate of Granada is cooler than it is here, and the people much handsomer than the inhabitants of this part of Spain. I saw a good many light-complexioned Spaniards while I was away. I think there is a wonderful similarity of character, appearance, &c., between the Spanish and Irish peasantry. I often meet old women with the countenance, dress, voice, and everything except the language of an old Irish woman.

I was very sorry to hear of C.'s accident. The hunting here is not nearly so dangerous, as there is no jumping. There are ravines which the horses run up and down. One day lately the horse of a sister-in-law of one of our captains, in going up a ravine, fell back and rolled with his rider down to the bottom. The lady was luckily not hurt. There is to be a grand fancy dress ball at the Governor's on the 4th inst. As you may imagine, I am not going!

We have the Southern war steamer *Sumter* here still. The *Tuscarora* is at Algeciras, waiting for her. A number of our fellows went on board the *Sumter*, and were most hospitably treated. The officers of the ship are by all accounts very fine fellows.

To his Brother C.

Gibraltar, *March* 19, 1862.

I was very sorry to hear of the bad fall you had. . . . The hounds are here still. I have not been out much lately. I don't care much about the hunting here; any cockney can keep in. Oh for a day with the Kilkennies or Kildares! I hope to get leave next September. Do, like a good fellow, have plenty of partridges and a good dog. . . .

The *Sumter* is here still. The *Tuscarora* and another Federal steamer at the other side of the bay are watching her. I am afraid the *Sumter* will not be able to escape them. However, she has had her fling, as she has destroyed over twenty northern vessels since she came out.

The races came off to-day. Of course an Irish horse ridden by an Irishman won the principal race! . . .

I have very good quarters here, but in a rather bad locality. . . . This is a frightfully immoral place, as is the whole of Spain. I must say I don't see anything to admire in the Spanish character. They (the Spaniards) are cursed with an inordinate love of "filthy lucre." Every one is open to bribery. Money will do everything in this country, and the people will do anything for it—except work. Spain is, indeed, what one might call a God-forsaken country.

I made some acquaintances at Malaga. It seems rather sad to have to part from people one knows with the great probability of never meeting again. . . .

His next letter brought the unwelcome news to his friends that he had received sudden orders to proceed to China.

GIBRALTAR, *March* 28, 1862.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I have just received a very unexpected "route"—namely, to China, the land of chop-sticks and pig-tails. I was to have started immediately, but the Governor has kindly given me leave to go home; and then I shall apply for a few months' leave, which I hope to be able to get. I should not at all have relished the idea of

going if I were not allowed to see you all first, but now do not mind it in the least. Don't be alarmed about the climate. I hear that it is not at all so bad as people at home imagine. I am busy disposing of some of my effects and making hasty preparations, as three days ago I had not the faintest notion of the change. In a week from this I expect to be on my way to "Home, sweet Home!" . . . I am in capital health, as you will soon see. There have been a great many deaths here lately. I believe this is the most unhealthy time of the year here. . . .

With best love and a lively prospect of soon meeting you all,

Believe me, ever your affectionate son,

T. LYSTER.

CHAPTER III.

1862.

PASSAGE TO HONG-KONG.

"In vain may tropic climes display
Their glittering shores—their gorgeous shells;
Though bright birds wing their dazzling way,
And glorious flowers adorn the dells,
Though nature there prolific pours
The treasures of her magic hand,
The eye, but not the heart, adores—
The heart still beats for native land."—LOVER.

HAVING obtained two months' leave of absence, he came home in the middle of April. Fully aware of the risks he would run in China from the unhealthiness of the climate, his father was most anxious to try to effect an exchange for him. But he would not hear of it. He said that when he entered the service he made up his mind to go wherever he was ordered. He was so brave and cheerful to the last, and spoke so hopefully of a happy meeting in a few short years, his friends felt no fear of the future;

and, as they parted from him, they little thought that it was for the *last time.*

On the 20th of June he sailed from Southampton. He writes on that date :—

ON BOARD THE *Ceylon*, AT SOUTHAMPTON.

I embarked to-day, as you may see. I like the ship *very much.* She is beautifully clean, and not at all crowded, there being only twenty-four first-class passengers. Nearly every one has a cabin to himself. There is a young fellow in the Bengal Engineers with me. Everything looks bright, and we have every prospect of a pleasant voyage. . . .

I met several friends in London, home on leave from Gibraltar. The Exhibition is a great success. . . .

We expect to arrive at Suez about the 4th of July, and in Ceylon about the 22nd. . . .

He continued to write home constantly during the voyage.

ON BOARD *S.S. Ceylon, June* 23, 1862.

We have now got out of the Bay of Biscay—the terror of sea-sick travellers—and shall soon be abreast of Lisbon. We expect to arrive at Gibraltar either to-morrow evening or early next morning. Some of the passengers have suffered a good deal from sea-sickness, but I have not been inconvenienced

at all. There are only twenty-five first-class passengers, and some of those get out at Gibraltar, and others at Malta, so that we shall have very few going on to Alexandria. We expect to pick up a lot of passengers there, who are going by Marseilles. I hope I shall have time when I arrive in Egypt to see the Pyramids. . . . They feed us most sumptuously on board. . . . There are very good baths, which I enjoy very much. We have a very fair band on board, which plays every morning and evening. The bandmaster is a first-rate one; he plays the violin beautifully. We had service yesterday in the Grand Saloon. The Doctor read prayers. There is nothing so enjoyable as a sea voyage if one had only some friends with him. . . .

I spent a very pleasant evening at Mrs. Moore's in London before I left. I often wish I could make some return to people who have been so disinterestedly kind to me. I have met very good and kind English people, but I must say I think our country-people are the most warm-hearted. . . . I expect to get on very well in China. I shall give up horses and shooting, except for a short time each year. These are the only extravagances I have ever indulged in. It is time for me to begin to try to get on in my profession. When I come home I shall be looking out for something good. I hope then to see you all well and the boys prospering. I should not like J. or any of them to go abroad (except for health's sake), if they can get on at home. The band is playing while I write, and most of the people

are sitting on deck listening to it, or reading. The day is most lovely. I only wish some of you were with me to enjoy the glorious weather. The ship is not rolling a bit, and the sea looks beautiful. . . .

There is only *one* other passenger going to Hong-Kong. He is a sailor, and has been out there before. His boat was sunk by the Chinese in the attack on the Taku Forts. He gives a good account of the country. The people, he says, are very civil, but liars and treacherous. . . .

ON BOARD *S.S. Ceylon, June* 27, 1862.

We arrived at Gibraltar at 4.30 a.m. on the 25th having made a very good passage from Southampton of four and a half days. I went on shore and saw several of my friends. I found most of them in bed. It seemed to me like a second home—the Rock, and all the people were so familiar. I felt the town very close and stuffy after the sea air. A good many fellows are suffering from fever: one of my friends is very bad with jaundice. We left Gibraltar at 9 a.m. so we had not much time there. Ten of our passengers got out, and we did not take in any. We are now off the coast of Africa, about five miles distant between Algiers and Tunis. The coast is very hilly, but the land looks fertile and is in some places cultivated. We shall soon pass Tunis, and get to Malta about the 24th (Sunday). There has scarcely been a breath of wind for the last five days, the thermometer has risen 20° since we left England; it is now 79° in the shade. We do not feel it at all hot on ac-

count of the freshness of the air, and the decks are covered with awnings. We amuse ourselves reading, talking, playing ship quoits, eating and sleeping. The cookery is splendid, and you can have whatever you like to order. We are warned of dinner by a bugle, which sounds "The Roast Beef of Old England;" for tea they play "Polly put the Kettle on."

This voyage will scarcely pay the company, there are so few passengers; but I suppose they get a good deal for the mails. There are only now about fifteen first-class passengers, and there is accommodation for *at least* one hundred and fifty. I shall anxiously look out for a letter at Alexandria. I expect to arrive at Hong-Kong about the 8th of August. I am exactly a week at sea to-day, and it seems to me more than a month since I left home.

28th.

The Captain says we shall certainly arrive at Malta to-morrow (Sunday) morning. I wish it was any other day, that we might do a little shopping and see something, as we remain there nearly twelve hours: however it will be pleasant going to church on dry land again. The sea is almost as calm as a mill-pond, and the weather beautiful. This morning I was roused by a tremendous shower of rain which made a great noise on the deck; it has since cleared up. As we are going at the rate of 150 miles a day we soon leave all bad weather behind. We have not yet seen any sea-monsters: the evening before we

arrived at Gibraltar we saw several shoals of large fishes called *Bonitos* disporting themselves in the water. We expect to see a lot of flying fish in the Arabian Sea.

July 1, 1862.

We expect to arrive at Alexandria early on Thursday morning: we then disembark from this steamer, take the railway to Cairo, where we remain two days to wait for the Marseilles steamer. The *Ceylon* returns immediately, so I shall post this letter on board, and write again from Aden, where we halt for some hours. When the passengers from Marseilles arrive at Cairo, we all proceed by rail to Suez, and there embark on board the *Nemesis*, a screw-steamer. I am to occupy a berth in the same cabin with a fellow who has come out with me. From what I hear of the *Nemesis* I fear we shall have a hot time of it through the Red Sea; her portholes are so near the water that we shan't be able to keep them open even in calm weather, and shall have to sleep on deck; which would be pleasant enough if you were not roused up at 4 a.m. by the sailors who wash down the deck, and sprinkle you with salt water if you are not very sharp in getting out of their way. . . . We arrived in Malta at 9 a.m. on Sunday morning. I immediately went on shore and saw all my old friends who were very kind. I went to St. John's Church which is better worth seeing than anything else in the place. It was built in the time of the Knights of Malta;

there are beautiful paintings in it—one in particular, by Michael Angelo. The floor is inlaid with precious stones representing sieges, &c. There are a pair of silver gates about ten feet high. There were a pair of golden ones exactly similar which the French stole when they took possession of the place; the silver escaped by being painted black. I went to see the Catacombs in a Capuchin monastery. The monks embalm their dead, bury them for *one* year, then dig them up and put them standing in a niche in the wall. You could scarcely distinguish the features of the monks, and those who had been there for sixty or seventy years seemed in as good a state of preservation as those who had been up for only one year.

Malta struck me as being much healthier than Gibraltar—the fellows there looked so much better. Some of the houses are palaces built by the Knights of St. John. House rent is marvellously cheap as there is lots of space and the labour of building is nil; the stone is so soft that it can be cut with a hatchet. I went to look for some filigree work to send home, but found the shops closed; they were open in the morning, when some of the fellows bought beautiful brooches and bracelets. However, I can get them when I am *coming home!* Everything seems to be cheaper than at Gibraltar. We (five in number) got a drive of nearly a mile in a "go-cart" for sixpence; it is a machine very like a common dray on springs, you sit behind or in front with your legs dangling and your elbows in danger of being

knocked by the spokes of the wheel: the driver runs alongside of you. . . . Although it was Sunday there were races going on about six miles from the town—a native informed me they would be *splendid races* as eight mules and six ponies were to run!

The fortifications are wonderfully strong, being, for the most part, cut out of the rock, and some of the ditches are seventy feet deep. It is an advantage having the stone so soft, as no splinters would fly from it if the place was besieged; quite as much damage is done by the splinters from masonry as from shot. . . . I think Malta would be a far better station than Gibraltar, only there is no country to get to, which makes all the difference. There is a great similarity between the natives of both places. The ladies, however, do not wear the mantilla, but a black silk hood attached to their dress. . . .

I have grown so used to the ship now that I shall be very sorry to leave it. You have no idea how pleasant a trip of this sort is; there is an absence of all restraint, and you are constantly looking forward to some novelty or other. Our longest time (eight days) without seeing land will be from Aden to Ceylon through the Arabian Sea. However we expect to make up for it by seeing flying fish and other kinds of sea novelties.

The nights are very hot now, especially when we cannot open the scuttles: several of the fellows complain of not being able to sleep. I have slept like a top every night, and get up quite fresh in the morning. The days pass much quicker now than at

first, still, it seems a long time to look forward to the 8th of August when I am due in Hong-Kong. One can hardly help thinking that the constant going during that time at the rate of ten miles an hour *must* bring one round the world. England is a wonderful country! The farther one goes away from her the more one realizes her greatness. The mere fact of being an Englishman makes one feel proud! At the same time, when one sees what is going on in the world—more than he ever thought or heard of—it makes him feel very small indeed! I shall have a great deal to tell you in my next letter as I shall have seen the Pyramids, crossed part of the Desert, and the Nile several times, and have taken a *rale* Turkish bath!

ON BOARD *S.S. Nemesis.*

July 8, 1862.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—We arrived at Alexandria early on Thursday, and left immediately by rail for Cairo. The railway carriages are similar to those at home—engines, &c., are made in England. We travelled very slowly, never going faster than twenty miles an hour. The country we passed through is very richly cultivated: it affords three crops in the year. The land is irrigated by the overflowing of the Nile, which takes place once a year. A good many villages were destroyed by it last year. We saw palm trees, wheat just springing up, and stubble fields: also lots of eagles and some prettily plumaged

birds, camels, horses and donkeys innumerable. . . . We were a nice party of five; one of our number was the only unmarried lady amongst the passengers. We arrived at Cairo at 4 p.m. and put up at Shepherd's Hotel. In the afternoon we started to see the Grand Mosque, which is really beautiful: we also saw the Pasha's palace and the bed in which the Prince of Wales slept the other day: the bedstead is of silver. The rooms were splendidly furnished in the English style. The palace seemed to be open to the public: there were only two dirty Arabs in charge of it. I shall not enter into the history of the places we visited; but just tell you what we *saw* and *did*.

We got up next morning at 2.30 a.m. and set off on donkeys for the Pyramids. Each animal was followed by an Arab boy with a stick. We went at a gallop nearly all the way (twenty-two miles). We had to cross the Nile in a boat. We arrived at the Pyramids about 5 a.m. where we were immediately set upon by a number of Arabs who would insist on acting as guides. Finding it impossible to get rid of them, each fellow took two to help him to ascend to the top, a height of 470 feet. We had a magnificent view of the Desert on one side and the rich valley of the Nile on the other. Some of the guides practised a system of extortion on nervous individuals when they got them to the top, hinting that if they did not pay liberally they would be likely not to reach *terra firma* in safety. It was lucky for my fellows they did not try that game with me.

We had great fun going back, as some of the donkeys fell, and their riders were thrown off. After a good sleep I went and had a real Turkish bath. There are sixty-five establishments of the kind in Cairo. I enjoyed my bath immensely and felt so refreshed by it.

I did not go to see any other places; it is dangerous to walk about at night without a lanthorn. The majority of the people speak English, and a good many French; they dress like the Moors, but the lower classes only wear a night-dress with a belt. The women wear trousers and have their faces covered with crape: they ride with two stirrups like men: they seem to be very fond of their children and always carry them sitting astride on one shoulder. The children suffer greatly from ophthalmia; they are extremely dirty, as their parents believe that it attracts the evil eye if they wash them. There are lots of camels which only cost from £10 to £20, while the price of a small donkey is £5.

We left Cairo on Saturday morning, and took the railway to Suez—a distance of sixty miles through the great Sahara desert—a sea of sand trackless and treeless. One sees nothing except the skeletons of camels picked clean by vultures. We arrived in Suez in five hours, having stopped one hour on the way to take in water. We saw the "mirage" in the Desert—a phantasmal appearance of water in the distance.

When we arrived at Suez we found we could not embark till 6 p.m., so went to the hotel, had a bath

and dinner. At the hotel we met the homeward-bound passengers in great spirits, but some of them looking very ill indeed. We sailed at seven on Saturday evening. The passengers from Marseilles who left England on the 26th ult., joined us here. There is a Legation from Prussia to Shanghai amongst them—a Prussian prince, a very nice young fellow is at the head of it; he is just like an Englishman. The crew of this steamer consists of English, Lascars, Chinese, and Africans. The Lascars are the most miserable specimens of humanity I have ever seen: it only costs 2½d. a day to feed them. The niggers seems to be the best of the blacks. The Chinese are most repulsive-looking rascals. We have a glimpse of land now and then on either side. We passed Mount Horeb and Sinai, and also the place where they say the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. The weather is very warm. Most of the passengers sleep on deck, the nights are so hot. I have a very cool cabin, so manage to lie down in my berth every night.

July 9th.

The weather is warmer, if possible; last night was the hottest we have experienced yet; most of the men slept on deck; one of them got moon-struck, and is very ill. We shall all be delighted to get out of the Red Sea. The thermometer does not go lower than 87° at night.

To his Sister E.

S.S. Nemesis, July 18, 1862.

Here we are all right, two days' journey from Point de Galle. The voyage has been so monotonous ever since we left Aden, there is scarcely anything worth relating.

We arrived at Aden at 7 a.m. A man in the Bengal Engineers and I were just contemplating going on shore when a fellow he knew who is quartered there came off and asked us to breakfast with him. We of course accepted the invitation, got into a boat, and were pulled on shore by some half-naked niggers. We then got into a buggy and drove up to the "Cantonments," where the regiment is quartered. The town is the most miserable-looking hole I ever saw—very much in the style of the Rock, only much larger. The English are not allowed into the country, as there would be a likelihood of their being murdered by the Arabs. The inhabitants are of various nationalities—Arabs, Hindoos, Africans from Barbary, and Parsees, who are the most respectable shopkeepers in the place. Water is extremely scarce, as it only rains once in two or three years; the water is then collected in tanks. There is a large distilling apparatus, and one is obliged to use salt water to wash in. There was nothing worth seeing except the tanks, and the sun was so hot we could not bear it for more than a few minutes at a time. To add to our discomfort

there was a stong wind blowing, which filled our eyes, mouths, and noses with dust. We got on board again at twelve o'clock. Aden is very useful to the English as a coaling station; it is fortified, but not to a large extent.

We were all glad to get out to sea again, and we soon found a pleasant change in the temperature; it became much cooler, and has continued so since. We expect to remain for a day or two at Ceylon. I shall have to change there into another steamer, which I am thankful to say goes direct to Hong-Kong. I am sick of changing from one ship to another. When you write be sure to tell me everything you can think of. You have no idea what little things will interest one ten thousand miles away from home. It seems to me ages since I left you all; I have seen so many different countries and people since. The more you see of other nations the more you are struck with the superiority, both mental and physical, of our race. I forgot to tell you that we saw lots of flying fish since we left Aden; they are from three to nine inches long; they can only fly a distance of twenty yards or so. Some of them flew on board at night, and these were caught and cooked for the ladies; they are considered to be great delicacies. We also saw a number of porpoises; they swim as fast as we are steaming, about ten miles an hour. I long to get to Hong-Kong. I am so tired of the sea voyage. I begin already to look forward to the time of coming home—three years!

I have nothing more to say except to remind you to write and tell me all the news you can think of.

To his Mother.

On board the *Colombia*, *July* 24, 1862.

I shall have a busy time I daresay when I arrive in China, so am writing my letters now, and shall put in a postscript to say I have arrived and send them off at once. . . . I went on shore at Ceylon, and saw a friend of mine in the Engineers, and Dr. Roe. Ceylon is a beautiful island; it is a perpetual spring there. There are always a number of passengers at Galle waiting for steamers to Bombay, Calcutta, Australia, and China. I changed from the *Nemesis* (which went on to Calcutta) into this steamer, and parted from all my old travelling companions except one. I have felt very lonely ever since. There are several passengers from Marseilles on board, but they are all foreigners.

At Ceylon it is difficult to distinguish the native men and women. Both dress alike, and wear their hair long, combed back and tied behind. They seem to be a good-tempered, contented people. This steamer is very large, and has lots of accommodation; I have a cabin to myself. We arrive at Penang about the 27th, Singapore a couple of days later, and Hong-Kong about the 6th or 7th August."

August 8, 1862.

Here I am located in Hong-Kong, where I arrived

yesterday. We got to Penang at 4 p.m. on the 27th of July; I went on shore at 6 o'clock the next morning and walked some miles into the country. The vegetation is beautiful and of great variety. We got some of the most delicious fruit I ever tasted there; it is called "mangostein." I thought it would be impossible to see a nicer place than Penang until I saw Singapore, where we arrived two days later. It is only about two degrees from the equator, and the temperature is nearly the same all the year round; it is quite a paradise. There are a good many Europeans in Singapore, but the largest part of the population consists of Chinamen; they only remain about five years, and, as soon as they have made some money, go home. The Chinese coolies who load and unload the ships are the strongest men I ever saw; they are more like beasts of burthen than human beings. The country round Singapore is infested with tigers. They say there are annually about four hundred Chinamen devoured by these animals.

HONG-KONG, *August* 9, 1862.

When I arrived here the day before yesterday the Colonel was away at a Portuguese settlement called Macao, where he went for change of air. He returned unexpectedly yesterday. I called to see him, and he told me I have to go up to Shanghai, about eight hundred miles north from here. It is occupied by English troops who are stationed here

to protect the inhabitants from the rebels who are very numerous in that part of the country; they are called "Taipings." When they approach too near to Shanghai, we send an expedition to drive them away. The other day they got the best of it, and we were obliged to evacuate all the places we got possession of. The general sent a requisition for 12,000 troops to India. Some people are of opinion that there will be an expedition sent against them when the cold weather comes, but I do not think so, as the Home Government does not approve of it. I start from here for Shanghai in about a fortnight.

From the little I have seen of Hong-Kong I like it very much. The general appearance of the place resembles Gibraltar, but it is much greener; the houses are very lofty and well built, unlike those at Gibraltar. The poorer classes of the Chinese here live principally in boats. We are very strict with them. No Chinaman is allowed to walk about after 9 p.m. without a pass. The streets are patrolled by Sepoys who act as police. We have a good many Sepoy soldiers here who hate the Chinese most cordially. From what I have seen of the Chinese I feel inclined to like them, but I shall not say much about them yet, lest I should have to alter my opinion. There are a great many rich merchants in Hong-Kong; when they make some money, they go home, generally to die. Things are much cheaper than I expected. The Artillery and Engineers mess together here. We have one colonel, one captain, and two lieutenants of Engineers here now. We

only pay six shillings a day for everything (wine excepted); our wine comes direct from Spain, and costs about the same, or perhaps less, than it does at home. Our pay is better than I expected; the colonel gets £2,000 a year. I have about £500 a year, and I expect to be able to save something from that. I believe things are more expensive in Shanghai. We dine in the most luxurious style; each fellow has two servants, and we have always a punkah going while we are at meals. Every one seems to be well paid here. Bank clerks get salaries of £700 to £1,500 a year, and merchants' clerks are equally well paid and have capital messes. We all wear light clothes; they are very cheap. The Chinese manufacture *crêpe* silk of which the things are made; they seem to be a most ingenious and industrious people. I don't wonder at their hating the English; we have always treated them badly.

P.S.—I forgot to say that there has been another attack made on the British Embassy at Yeddo. We have sent one officer, twenty-five men, and twelve cavalry from Shanghai to protect the Embassy.

To his Sister B.

Hong Kong, *August* 18, 1862.

I suppose you have received my letter saying I was to go to Shanghai. I expect to start to-morrow or the next day. . . . The heat has been excessive

since I came—not only is the sun intensely hot, but there is a damp, oppressive, smothering atmosphere —one can only sit still and gasp for breath. The nights are frightfully hot, without a breath of air. We sleep in the thinnest of garments opposite open doors, with every window open from the floor to the ceiling, and yet there seems to be no air. You have sometimes felt a stillness and closeness in the atmosphere before a thunderstorm: we perpetually have that here, and there is lots of thunder and lightning. People say Shanghai is hotter than Hong-Kong—one can scarcely imagine that possible! . . . We all wear white trousers, silk coats, and pith helmets. The Line wear clothes made of Kaki—stuff like brown holland; the Artillery wear blue flannel. The authorities are not at all particular as to dress here. We wear our hair cropped close. There are very few ladies here now, as most of them go home for the summer: they cannot stand the heat of this place. I believe in winter it is quite gay. The people are very social and hospitable. . . . The merchants are very rich; one went home the other day with £120,000 a year; but they generally die soon after they go home—a long residence in this climate weakens the constitution so much.

I went to a Chinese "sing-song" the other evening—a sort of rejoicing. They build a large shed, and collect a great many figures from the joss-houses (places of worship), and from private individuals, and exhibit them; they have also all kinds of ingenious toys, &c. The place is beautifully

lighted up, and they have music (oh, *such* music!) and theatricals going on. Some of our fellows amused themselves by tying the tails of the Chinamen together. I am afraid we bully them a good deal. If you are walking about and a Chinaman comes in your way, it is customary to knock his hat off, or dig him in the ribs with an umbrella. I thought it a shame, and remonstrated with the fellow who was with me to-day for treating a poor beggar of a Chinaman in this way; but he assured me that if you make way for them they swagger and come in *your* way purposely. The French soldiers treat them even more roughly than we do. The Chinese are the most wonderful copyists in the world, but they say they cannot draw from nature, as they know nothing whatever of perspective. They are capital tailors, carpenters, &c., and are a most industrious people. The men are very strong; they carry everything on a bamboo cane across their shoulders. If you want to be carried to any place you take a chair, and are borne by two sturdy coolies to your destination. There are 40,000 Chinamen here, and 10,000 Europeans. We have a large force of police, Lascars, who hate the Chinese, and are hated by them. The women are very small, with the tiniest of hands and feet, and the ugliest of faces; they wear a kind of blue or black smock frock and trousers. They are very unequally distributed, as a Chinaman buys his wife, or wives; consequently the rich often have more than their share, and the poor sometimes have none.

One wonders how a father could sell his child, but a child would sell her father if she got the chance. There is very little love amongst them. They are a treacherous race, and think it rather a sharp thing to tell a lie.... I have a good little servant lent me by another fellow; he wants to go up to Shanghai with me, but his master will not give him up. . . . Everybody here gets good pay. I am certain of being able to save something to spend when I go home. I think the best way to get on here is to live moderately, and take plenty of exercise. Some men drink an enormous amount, and never walk. I believe the winter here is delightful—quite cool and bracing. August and September are the most unhealthy months in the year: the people are completely worn out then, and are liable to get sicknesses. The place has made a considerable advance in ten years. The revenue in 1850 was £23,526. In 1860 it was £94,182.

The population in 1850 was 33,000; in 1860, 95,000. There is not much work for us here now, but there may be at some future time.

There are a number of pleasant walks about the island, which is twenty-six miles round. A good many people have horses and carriages. The horses are of all descriptions—English, Australian, Arab barbs, and Chinese ponies.

CHAPTER IV.

1862.

SHANGHAI.

"Friendship only truly exists where men harmonize in their views of things human and Divine."

In August, 1862, General Gordon, then a captain in the Royal Engineers, was stationed at Shanghai. He had been sent there from Tientsin some months before, and was engaged in surveying the country round Shanghai, and in conducting active operations against the Taiping insurgents when they approached too near the town. The services of another Engineer officer being considered necessary to carry on the work, Lieutenant Lyster was chosen for this duty. He thus became intimately associated with General Gordon, and it is not surprising that a warm friendship

should grow up between natures similar in many respects. The admiration and attachment felt for his superior by the younger soldier is manifest every time he mentions the name of the former in the letters he writes home at this period. And that the esteem was mutual is clear from the heart-felt words in which, three years later, General Gordon expresses his appreciation of the high qualities of his "friend and comrade," and his grief at losing him.

On the 19th of August, Lieutenant Lyster left Hong-Kong for Shanghai. He began about this time to keep a small diary, in which he jotted down brief notes of his daily occupations and any important events occurring round him. Some of these entries are in pencil, and so faint that it is very difficult to decipher the Chinese names of places, &c.

August 19th.—Embarked at 2 p.m.; left at 2.15. Weather fine and cool.

21st.—Thermometer 87°. Passed *Columbian*. Read Field-Exercise book.

22nd.—Day cool and pleasant; breeze ahead. Anchored near mouth of river Tsung-tse Kiang at sunset. Phosphoric light beautiful.

23rd. Got into the river at 10 a.m. Anchored near the bar (which cannot be crossed except at high tide) at 3 p.m.

24th, Sunday.—Arrived at Shanghai at 11 a.m. Went to Astor House, and then to Gordon, R.E., who gave me a room. Lunched at Commissariat mess. Saw Prince Wittgenstein there. Rode out to Fah-wa. Saw the rebels in the distance burning villages. Four hundred Punjaubees sent to reinforce the outpost.

25th. Rode round works with Gordon. Called on Colonel Thomas at Brigade Office.

26th.—An expedition ordered out against the Ching-Mows. Started at 1 p.m. with about thirty sappers under Gordon up the Souchow Creek. One company of 31st Regiment, consisting of two officers, assistant surgeon, and seven men, accompanied us. We had four boats. Orders to proceed about one-and-a-half miles above Stone Bridge. When we came to another bridge we were to take and occupy it, so as to prevent the Ching-Mows from crossing when attacked by troops who were in different parties on our left. We went up the creek about four miles, but did not cross the bridge. We there halted one hour, when we heard firing to our left, about two miles off. We thought it was the Imperialist troops attacking the rebels, and did not move up. Saw the rebels in large numbers about two miles off on the right bank of the creek, in a village. Returned about 5 p.m. Heard afterwards that the troops had engaged the rebels, and

killed a few—taking one prisoner. We got one prisoner also.

27th.—Rode round works. Visited men in barracks. The barracks are decidedly bad. Asked Gordon to have palliasses washed.

On August 28th he writes :—

SHANGHAI.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I arrived here all right on the 25th inst., after a pleasant passage from Hong-Kong. . . . If I had been here a week sooner I should have been sent 700 miles further north, to Tientsin, to look after some important work there; but as it was urgent, another fellow has been sent. There is another Engineer officer here, Captain Gordon ; he is a first-rate fellow, and a very good officer. He and I live together. I was very lucky in getting such good quarters, and, as the house has been given to Gordon by some civilians (he has done so much for the settlement), there is nothing to pay.

This is an immense place. There is a Chinese town surrounded by a large ditch and high wall, and then there are the European settlements. We had no troops here a short time ago, but the Taipings came down in such numbers, the authorities were obliged to send a military force to protect the inhabitants.

I suppose you know all about the Taipings. They number about 100,000, and are nothing but a band of marauders. They come down on a village, rob it, slay all the inhabitants they can lay hold of, and

then burn the place. We could see the smoke from the burning villages as soon as we got into the harbour on Sunday. When I got on shore I heard that the rebels were close to an advanced post of two companies of the 31st Regiment, stationed at Fah-wa, about five miles from here. They sent out a reinforcement of one hundred men in case the post should be attacked. I borrowed a horse and went with them. I never saw, or could have imagined, such a sight as I saw on the way. The road was covered with unfortunate creatures, who had been driven out of their homes by the Taipings. The poor women were in a most fearful state; there were numbers of them lying by the side of the road, some dead, and others dying from starvation and exhaustion. I was horrified then, but have become used to it now, as it is an every-day occurrence. I scarcely ever go into the country without seeing some poor people dead or dying.

When I got out to the post the rebels had retreated about four miles, and were amusing themselves burning villages in their usual style.

On the morning of the 27th, as the rebels were coming quite close to the town, another expedition went out to meet them. Gordon and I went with twenty-five sappers up a creek, in the hope of gaining possession of a bridge six miles off, in order to cut off their retreat. The remainder of the troops went by a different route to try to take them by surprise, but the expedition was a failure, as it is impossible to get near the rebels unless you surround them.

They talk of another expedition, but I think we shall not do anything until General Staveley, who is in Japan, comes back; then I hope we shall go at them in earnest, and take Nankin, their stronghold.

I have plenty to do here, which is a blessing, and I am very comfortable. Gordon and I mess together. Everything is very dear in Shanghai, but it is the most money-making place under the sun. I shall be obliged to keep a horse, as the works which I visit are two miles distant, and it is killing work walking in the sun. The troops here are very sickly. One regiment has lost seventy men in less than as many days. They get good food and a pint of porter daily; but the men buy bad liquor themselves, and drink it. There is a French regiment here, and I think they are even worse than our men.

I was introduced to General Ward, the American, who is an officer in the service of the Chinese Government; in fact, he has been made a mandarin; he is a quiet-looking little man, with very bright eyes, but is a regular fire-eater; he has saved £100,000. He is married to a Chinese.

There is a surplus population here now of 70,000 villagers, driven in by the Taipings, which makes provisions very dear.

September 3rd.

I have been out since, reconnoitring with Gordon. The rebels have moved off about ten miles from here, so we shan't be troubled with them till the crops are ripe. This is the dirtiest place you can imagine.

My duty often brings me through the Chinese part of the town, and you can have no conception of the awful stenches there. I often—indeed almost every day—come across a corpse in a state of decomposition. The Chinese do not bury their dead; they put them in coffins, and leave them by the roadside. Some of the coffins are full of chinks—so you can imagine! The population numbers about 300,000; they swarm like flies; twenty or thirty live in a small house.

Gordon read service to the men on Sunday morning, the chaplain being ill. Our church was the shade of an old house, the men under arms, and all standing. We buried a poor fellow in the evening; Gordon read a portion of the service. Seven men out of sixty have died within the last three months. I have just come from the hospital, where there are eleven of our men out of forty-eight. I expect one will be dead before evening. It is deplorable to see so many poor fellows going. The officers all look much better than the men, but that is easily accounted for, as they are better fed, clothed and lodged.

An officer arrived the other day with a young wife and her sister; he could not get a place to lay his head in for love or money. His own regiment could not help him, as there are two or three officers in every room, so the colonel sent him to Gordon, who is the best fellow in the world. He (Gordon) went to a shopkeeper's wife, and *begged* accommodation for the fellow for a few days, until he could get a

passage north, where they send all the married officers, as it is much cooler than here. He cannot get a passage for less than £90, so he will remain here until a Government ship goes. The shopkeeper won't give him room any longer, so Gordon is going to put him and the two ladies into his own quarters, as he is going away for a few days. Gordon is such a good-hearted fellow that every one in any difficulty comes to him.

If there was no chance of fighting with the rebels I would get sent away from here, but as long as there is the hope of a row I shall remain.

To his Brother P.

SHANGHAI, *August* 29, 1862.

I suppose you know already that I was only eleven days in Hong-Kong when I was ordered up here. This place is about 700 miles from Hong-Kong. I had a very pleasant voyage; we were in sight of land all the time. The coast of China is very mountainous until you get near here, when it becomes quite flat for miles round. We landed on Sunday. When I came on shore I heard that the rebels were in the vicinity—indeed I could see the burning villages (their work) all round. A party of forty men was sent out to an advanced post called Fah-wa, where two companies were stationed, to support them in case the rebels attacked them; but there was nothing done. I borrowed a horse and went out with the doctor. The country is intersected by

creeks, over which there are small stone bridges, where any roads exist, and it is impossible to cross the country elsewhere without portable bridges. On the 26th (Tuesday) the rebels had the cheek to come closer; so an expedition, consisting of all the troops in garrison, was sent out against them. Captain Gordon, R.E., and I went by a different route from the other troops, in order to try to cut them off by taking possession of the bridge, but they had crossed the bridge before we reached it. The troops fired some shots at them, but I believe only two or three were hit. We got two prisoners; one was taken by our party; he was up to his neck in water (like the old boy in the Pomptine Marshes). When General Staveley returns from Japan, we shall have lots to do, I *think*. Colonel Thomas, who is in command at present, does not like to go at them in earnest on his own responsibility. They are very numerous, and fight better than the Imperial troops.

I am going out to make a survey of a proposed road near the place they were in the other day; I don't know whether we shall see them or not.

Gordon is my captain here; he is an extremely nice fellow, and a very good Engineer. As I write he has just come in to say that the rebels are in great numbers in the place we are going to. They have entrenched a village, and made a bridge (near the one we intend to occupy), so that they can spread over the country all round, and carry on their marauding depredations. He wants Colonel Thomas to send one hundred men to destroy the bridge.

There is a surplus population of 70,000 here now, caused by the destruction of the neighbouring villages by the rebels. Whenever I walk out towards our lines I see thousands of Chinamen driven in, while lying by the roadside there are some dead and dying. I was horrified by these sights at first, but have become used to them now.

LETTER CONTINUED.

September 1st.

Gordon and I went out on a reconnoissance with fifty men, but found the rebels had gone about six miles farther off, so if they leave us alone we shall leave them alone—for the present.

One of our men died on Saturday. We buried him yesterday in the most summary manner: Gordon reading the Burial Service. There are eleven men in hospital, and the remainder look more like ghosts than men.

It is only four days from here to Japan. I expect to spend a little time there when I can get leave. I hear it is a beautiful country. I hope also to visit Taku and Tientsin before I leave China.

There is a nice pointer dog here belonging to General Staveley. I think I shall get hold of him when the general leaves, as he has promised him to Gordon, who says he will give him to me when he is going away.

DIARY CONTINUED.

August 29, 1862.—Day very wet. Prince Wittgenstein came. Promised him a map of the place.

30*th.*—Went on an expedition with Gordon to reconnoitre. Had a guard of six Sappers and fifty Punjaubees. Went first to road near "Bubbling Well," then took road to bridge on Souchow Creek, which rebels made: found it gone, and discovered that the rebels had moved their camp six miles off: came home by Fah-wa.

31*st, Sunday.*—Gordon read service to the men under arms, and standing in shade of house, chaplain being ill. We buried a Sapper in the afternoon at 6.30. Gordon read portion of Burial Service and consigned the body to the earth. No firing. Eleven men in hospital.

September 3*rd.*—Visited hospital and works. Rode towards Bubbling Well and over ground between it and Souchow with Gordon. Saw three dead bodies.

6*th.*—Made a trace of Shanghai and environs for Wittgenstein. Gordon went to Sung-Kiang. Went to Bubbling Well and laid out road to Rebels' Bridge.

7*th, Sunday.*—Read prayers to men at 9 a.m. Gordon returned. Very poorly.

9*th.*—A touch of dysentery. Got some medicine from McCarthy, and remained in all day.

It is plain from the entries referring to his health that he had begun already to suffer from

the effects of the climate. But in his unselfish desire that those he loved should be spared anxiety and distress on his account, he rarely mentions his illnesses in his letters, or if he does, it is in such a light way that his family had no notion of the frequency and seriousness of the attacks with which he was seized from the time of his arrival in China.

SHANGHAI, *September* 10, 1862.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—The weather here is a contrast to what you describe at home. It is so hot, the rays of the sun penetrate through everything—our umbrellas and thick hats, or *solos topee*, as they are called here. We sometimes have rain, and then we shiver, but in a few hours the sun comes out and causes the atmosphere to become a vapour bath, and then we groan.

I have had a little employment laying out roads since I came, and when the weather becomes bearable I shall have lots of surveying to do. We all earnestly hope to have a "go" at the Taipings when the general comes back from Japan. They have not come very near us since we made the last expedition against them; but when the crops are ripe we expect they will come to steal them.

Shanghai is a wonderful place: sixteen years ago it was only a small Chinese town; now it has quite

the appearance of a large commercial city. There are no less than 246 ships in the harbour at present. Ports are being opened in the interior, and in a few years our trade in China will have increased enormously. . . . Japan is another country I want you to take an interest in, as I expect soon to get leave to go there. The climate is beautiful, I hear, and the scenery magnificent. There is a book on Japan by Capt. Sherard Osborn which you must get and read, as I want you to be interested in the country, and what I shall be able to tell you about it when I shall have been there. . . .

The young officer who brought out the two unfortunate ladies here succeeded at last in getting a passage to the north at a reduced rate, through the influence of Captain Gordon. . . . I wonder what his poor wife thinks of China! I see by the English papers just arrived that there is a report that our troops were defeated by the rebels. Of course they have got hold of the wrong end of the story. We had a garrison at a place called Kahding; it was surrounded by rebels, and we sent some men to relieve it. Just when the garrison was relieved a report got out that Shanghai was attacked, so all the troops came back here post haste to defend the place instead of waiting to polish off the rebels. It was a false alarm—all the invention of a Hong-Kong merchant, who sent a telegram to say there was a *disastrous* retreat of our troops. Of course he made a speculation on the strength of his *lie!*

I generally begin these letters a week before the

mail leaves, and write from time to time, so am afraid I often repeat myself; you must excuse that. . . . If we have no fighting with the rebels, I shall try to get up north to Tientsin, which is a much healthier and cheaper place to live in than this.

You must not be uneasy about me. I was not very well for a few days, but am now all right again. I expect to take lots of long walks when the weather gets cooler. I believe I have not told you about the Baby Tower: it is a building just outside Shanghai. When a baby dies it is thrown in, and when the place is full they are all burned. They say that some children are thrown in *alive!* At any rate there is no one to inquire after them, as they are left altogether to their mothers to do as they please with them. In general, I believe, Chinawomen are as fond of their children as other women; indeed, I saw it, when they were running away from the rebels, they (men and women) carried the children in baskets at the end of bamboo sticks, being obliged thereby to leave their household goods behind them—a wonderful sacrifice for the Chinese.

LETTER CONTINUED.

September 17, 1862.

General Staveley has come back, and we are preparing for winter; he has made Shanghai headquarters instead of Hong-Kong. Nothing has been decided yet with regard to operations against the rebels. We had an awful thunderstorm the other

night — lightning so continuous that one could almost read by it, and thunder like the noise of cannons going off under one's window. The weather has become cooler since then. The winter is very severe here; we are providing sheep-skin coats for the men, and woollen underclothing. Every one is in better spirits since the change. I was out walking nearly all day, yesterday, and to-day. I had an offer to-day of a trip to the tea-country; but as it is in possession of the Taipings I shall not go at present. Fellows who have just come from Japan give a most flourishing account of it. There are barons there with their strong houses and retainers like England "in the brave days of old." You have no idea of the enormous prices here. I had to pay 28s. for a bedroom candlestick, and 6s. for a shilling's-worth of note-paper the other day. Some of the fellows here are put up by merchants whom they know. I wish I had a friend of that kind! However, one fellow gives Gordon and me a house rent-free. They all seem willing to spend money on making the soldiers comfortable, and I must say they are very liberal.

DIARY CONTINUED.

September 12th.—Went round barracks to arrange about canteen. Three men died of cholera.

13*th.*—Very poorly during the night. Saw Dr. McCarthy: remained in, slept and read nearly all day.

14*th.*—Went to American Church at 11 a.m.,

and again in the evening. General Staveley returned from Japan.

15*th.*—Day very cool and pleasant. Went to Watergate and barracks, and to Ningpoo Joss in the evening. Sapper Cunnagh buried to-day.

22*nd.*—Took over barracks and hospitals from Gordon, who has gone to live at Stand House.

23*rd.*—Ward killed. . . . .

24*th.*—Saw Lee-ching, and ordered him to commence the winter fitments to the quarters. Visited New Road with Gordon.

25*th.*—Lee-ching came in the morning. Gave him sketch of bamboo huts.

29*th, Monday.*—Rode out to Roads at 8 a.m. Mail from England came in. News from Japan that one Englishman has been killed and one wounded. Visited all the works.

October 1*st, Wednesday.* — Employed repairing barracks, &c. Rode to Fah-wa in the afternoon.

To his Sister E.

SHANGHAI, *October* 2, 1862.

. . . . Nothing new here, except that we are to remain for the winter. We have not killed any Taipings since, although they have managed to kill General Ward. I saw him a short time ago, and was to have gone on an expedition with him. I liked the old fellow very much. The weather has become pleasantly cool.

I am either on foot or on horseback the whole day looking after work, and am in capital health and as lively as a sandboy. You will see in the papers that an Englishman has been murdered in Japan by the followers of a Daimio. Japan is something like what England was under the Normans: there are a great many independent princes who have retainers, and are very jealous of foreigners, although the reigning Prince is favourable to them. We are obliged to have a guard of European troops to protect our Legation at Yeddo; it is so bad that they have to sleep with sentries in front of the house and a revolver at hand. In going through the streets you must keep a revolver in your hand, and if you meet an armed man (who is sure to be a retainer of some Daimio) you beckon to him to move away a sword's length from you. If a man makes a motion of drawing his sword you shoot him instanter. They think the English are cowards, as when they murdered a couple of English sentries some time ago, we only demanded money instead of "a life for a life." That policy may suit China, but not Japan. The Japanese are far superior to the Chinese in every way, and if we come to blows we shall have some tough work cut out for us. . . . The officers here are getting up theatricals. The civilians pay for the fitting up of the theatre. They are the most liberal set of people I ever met, always ready with money for everything; but then they are made of it. There are to be races here soon. I expect they will be very good, as no expense is spared in

getting out thoroughbred horses from England and Arabs from India. I have a capital little chestnut pony called Kitty; she was taken from the Taipings by our troops. I only paid £10 for her. There are very few ladies here, and they look very delicate; they cannot stand the climate at all. I have not made any acquaintances except among the military. My duty brings me a good deal among the Chinese: they are a slippery lot, and difficult to deal with, but I can't say I dislike them. They have been accustomed to bad treatment from the Europeans who came out here, as in every colony there are many bad specimens of our countrymen to be found, rough and not always straightforward. Of course there are many exceptions. . . . I never look forward to the time we shall all meet again, as it is too far away: it will be time enough to begin thinking about our meeting in a year or two. I shall be an old boy, and near the top of the list of lieutenants. If I were a captain now I should get £70 a month here. . . . .

I have begun to study Chinese. The dialect here is different from the Hong-Kong. In the North they speak the true Pekin, Court, or Mandarin language, as it is called. My candle is nearly out, so I must turn in. Good-night, dear Nell, wishing you a good breakfast and myself pleasant dreams, which, by the bye, I always have, even when I dream of exterminating the Taipings and Japanese assassins.

October 5th.—Nothing new here since I began this. The races will soon come off. It is the most

ridiculous thing you can imagine to see the fellows who ride out here. They go along with legs and arms flying about as if they didn't belong to them. We call the shopkeepers here "Wincklers"—I don't know why. They have a volunteer corps and some mounted men, called "Shanghai Rangers."

Diary Continued.

October 7th.—Made a reconnoissance on American side.

8th.—Prince Wittgenstein came to live in Gordon's quarters.

10th.—Rode to within half a mile of Naitzean on a reconnoissance. Did not see any rebels. Made my report to Gordon.

15th.—Rumours of an expedition to Kahding this week to take the place.

18th.—Rode towards Naitzean with Gordon to reconnoitre road.

CHAPTER V.

1862.

SHANGHAI (*continued*).

"Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:

* * * * *

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain."

WORDSWORTH, *The Happy Warrior.*

THE contemplated expedition to take Kahding from the rebels was quickly decided on. On the date of the last extract from his diary, October 18th, Lieutenant Lyster writes from Shanghai:—

We start on Wednesday to take a town called Kahding; it has been taken before by us, and

retaken by the rebels from the Imperialist troops who were put in by us to garrison it. I cannot say whether the rebels will make much, or any resistance. I expect the less they make the better for themselves. Meanwhile I am occupied making myself acquainted with the country. Captain Gordon and I have got an interpreter between us, and we make excursions into the country. I take good care not to venture too near the rebels by myself, as it is objectionable to have one's head cut off. I cannot say if the mail will leave before we return. I shall leave this to be posted, and if I come back in time I shall open it to say I am all right. On Tuesday, 21st, we make our final arrangements to start early the next morning. I will finish this on that day, so good-bye for the present.

Tuesday 21*st*, 5 *a.m.*

I have been called up unexpectedly, as our men start a day before the others, and I have to take a look at the road. I shall not be back again, so must hurriedly conclude. I got up, shaved, dressed, packed up my bed, &c., and shall be on horseback, all in the space of forty minutes. Best love to all. . . . The mail leaves the day we attack Kahding.

DIARY CONTINUED.

October 19*th, Sunday.*—Started at 7 a.m. to make out road from Fah-wa to Naitzean. Rode with Lambert and interpreter; returned by 1 p.m. Called at Burgevine's.

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Proposed to Gordon to march the troops by Bubbling Well and Wi-man-du.

20th, Monday.—Making preparations for expedition to Kahding. Got seven Sampan boats and loaded them with the following things:—

No. 1. Twelve bamboo ladders.

No. 2. Scaling ladders, 12 12″ length, 2 6″ length.

No. 3. Superstructure for four boat-bridges.

No. 4. Contained tools.

No. 5. Three pair of Artillery bridges, 20′.

No. 6. Contained two large trestles for Artillery bridges.

No. 7. Ammunition.

The boats started from Glasse's post at 10 a.m. I left same time with a party of two R.E. corporals, one European, and one N. Indian coolie orderly, and sixteen coolies, a bamboo ladder, six picks and shovels to repair the bridges. Made good two bridges, and halted about two miles from Naitzean till the boats came up; joined the boats, and arrived in Naitzean at 3 a.m. on Wednesday.

22nd, Wednesday.—Started from Naitzean at 6 a.m. towards Shanghai, and repaired two bridges, which made the road complete from Shanghai to Naitzean. Rode out to the front on Burgevine's horse, and returned about 3 p.m. The troops halted this night at Naitzean.

23rd, Thursday.—Rode to the front on Gordon's pony, and took a look at Kahding, about 1,000 yards distant. Recommended Burgevine to put his guns on the left of the main creek. Burgevine opened

fire with two howitzers, but was stopped by the admiral.

At night went up with the boats to 600 yards of the place, and put them into a creek to the right of main creek, making bridges and everything ready. Guns were got into position, and the troops to cover them. The ladder and assault party told off, and everything got ready to open fire the following morning.

24*th*, *Friday*.—Opened fire at daylight. Firing lasted for nearly two hours.

In the following letter he gives an account of the storming of Kahding and his experiences on entering the town :—

SHANGHAI, *October* 25, 1862.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I write you a line to say that I have just returned from Kahding, and am all right, wind and limb.

I left here on Tuesday, 22nd of October, to repair bridges, &c., along the route the troops would take the following day. I arrived in Naitzean, a town half way between Shanghai and Kahding, at 3 a.m. (Naitzean was for some time in the possession of the rebels, and is now in ruins).

I started on Wednesday morning at five o'clock, and prepared the remainder of the bridges. On Tuesday, 23rd inst., the troops moved from Naitzean to a village about a mile from Kahding. We then got

our boats with the scaling ladders and bridges up to within 200 yards of the wall. The rebels fired a good deal that day; they wounded an officer of the 31st Regiment and some Chinese soldiers.

On Thursday night we got the guns into position; there were about twenty-seven guns, including French and Ward's Chinese troops. We returned no shots on Thursday, but on Friday morning we opened fire from all the batteries at daylight. It was a grand sight to see the shells breaking down the wall and look-out places. I, with a naval officer, had charge of the boats in which were the ladders and bridges. When the cannonading had gone on for about an hour and a half, we got the boats up a creek which ran towards the wall, dividing to the right and left of it. We went down about 250 yards to the right, to where we thought there was a good place to make the bridge. We formed the bridge in a very short space of time, and then the storming party, got across, and had no trouble in getting into the town, there being only a palisading to clear away. The rebels fired only two or three shots at us as we brought up the boats. I got two men to hand me rifles, and the moment I saw a fellow looking over, or through the wall, in order to fire, I let fly at him. You must not think it boasting if I say I was well up to the front; but these Taipings are such a despicable lot, there is no credit in beating them. They made no resistance after we got in; we might shoot them like dogs. When I got over the wall I found a lot of them

within a few yards of me; I sent a shot amongst them, and told them to "*wilo*," which means "hook it." They all took to their heels, and I bolted after them as hard as I could go, but I had to wait in the middle of the place till a soldier of the 67th and two of Ward's officers came up. We then went on together and took about twenty prisoners. We were very near being cut off and surrounded, but we hooked behind a house and waited till the main body came up. I saved as many poor wretches as I could. Ward's men wanted to shoot them right and left, but I objected. I was obliged to hit a couple of fellows; one had a spear, and, as I wanted to pass him to get to another—a swell in a green jacket (the mandarins wear green), who was running like fury—I was obliged to pepper him in the hams before he dropped the weapon. I am happy to say I did not kill one of them, and tried to save a good many. I told them to "hook it," as I knew the Chinese troops which were coming after us would kill them without mercy. I pitied the poor women toddling away on their little feet. A soldier near me fired into a crowd of men, women, and children, and killed a nicely-dressed woman. I would not let him fire again, except at single individuals.

When I got to the other side of the town I found a great number jumping over the wall and swimming across the creek; many of them had their legs broken, and some women were drowning. The beasts never help each other. I met the Chinese troops coming in as I went out, looting the place all

over. I did not go into a house to get anything, and the only memento I possess of the place is a pony, whose owner I put to flight. I got pony, saddle, sword, and pipe complete. He is a very fine pony; I rode him into Shanghai to-day. I might have taken five or six ponies, and no end of donkeys, but I only wanted one. The French, as usual, took everything they could get. People at home think looting wrong, but, though I did not loot myself, I do not consider it wrong with these people. They run away, leaving everything they possess; they are rebels; and why should not we have their goods as well as the French or Chinese? I saw some of them even take off their clothes in order to swim the creek and get quickly away.

The mail closes at once—so good-bye.

LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

SHANGHAI, *November* 4, 1862.

I wrote my last letter in a hurry, as I had only just returned from Kahding, and the mail closed in an hour.

I was delighted to hear you were all well at home, and that there was a prospect of a good harvest. . . . I have been very busy since I returned from the expedition. We had very hard work. I had to be up nearly all night, and when I slept, it was in a boat, with my clothes on; but I enjoyed the whole thing very much. It is not yet known whether we shall have any more. The rebels have

returned to the country, and Kahding is garrisoned by 5,000 Imperial troops; but they are sure to run away the first time they are attacked. We took Kahding once before, and the rebels retook it from the Imperialists. The troops are healthy now, the weather being just like the English climate at present. The merchants here are very hospitable, but I have not been out much, as I am too busy. . . . At the attack the other day I had charge of the bridges; we went up under fire, and made a bridge 50 feet wide in about two minutes. There were five sailors wounded in the boats. I had six men; one of them was grazed with a rifle bullet. I have a sketch of the place which I will send when I am writing next. Another Engineer officer is coming up from Hong-Kong. The general thinks he has work for three or four more. . . .

I shall be delighted to get the photographs. I have a good one of you which I often take a look at in my peaceful hours. I have a real live prince living with me—Prince Frederick of Wittgenstein. He came out in the steamer with me to see the place, and as he could not get lodgings I have put him up. The ex-lunatic W. is staying here. I met him at dinner the other night. Some people say he is an impostor, but I don't see the joke of passing oneself off for a fool! . . . If a man only works here, and has health, he is sure to get on; but the climate is so bad one must have a very good constitution to stand it, and in many cases the strongest men are struck down.

Diary Continued.

November 6th.—Got leave to employ men of 31st Regiment in the works. Changed into Gordon's room. Bad with cold.

9th, Sunday. — Went to American Church. Walked to Fah-wa with Christian.

12th.—Attended meeting of the committee for the garrison sports, &c. Appointed secretary.

15th.—Started with the General, Gordon, and Captain Josling. Rode to Naitzean. Visited Fontai. Went on to Wan-du, and found it in the hands of the Imperial troops. Returned to Naitzean and remained all night.

16th. — Surveyed at Naitzean. Visited the stockades.

17th.—The force under Colonel Hough returned to Shanghai, as the rebels were defeated by the Imperialists.

Letter to his Sister E.

Shanghai, *November* 22, 1862.

I have just received a sudden order to proceed to Sung-Kiang, a place thirty miles from here, to survey. . . . I have no assistance in packing, as my servants are stupid, and one has to take a good many things—"grub" included. We have got another officer from Hong-Kong, and are over head and ears in work. We commenced repairing storehouses and joss-

houses to make them habitable for the troops on the 27th September last. They are now completed, and will cost £10,000, which sum the Chinese Government pays. You may imagine the trouble to get the work done with bad workmen, and no one to superintend. I am glad it is over. We are now occupied in surveying, and are making roads right up to the rebels. We will drive them before us by the force of superior civilization.

Sung-Kiang is occupied by General Burgevine's forces. He (Burgevine) is Ward's successor, and he seems to be rather a nice fellow. There are some English officers at Sung-Kiang drilling the men for Ward. C. is one of them. You ask me to tell you how I like the Chinese ladies. Well, I have not spoken to a lady of any description since I came, except the night I dined out, about two months ago.

The weather here now is beautiful—very cold, but healthy. I am in splendid health—never better in my life. I have no opportunity of sending you home *curios* or *Kumpshaws*, but when I get one, won't forget you. The ivory carving here is beautiful; cabinets exquisite, and jewellery that ladies would delight in. . . . I am anxiously looking out for the album I wrote for, and expect to find it well filled with photographs. I have no time for photography here. I have a horse and a pony, which I can sometimes give plenty of work to. I only wish you or B. were here to ride them. I lead a curious life, as in the morning I don't know where I shall get my lunch or dinner, and orders come very suddenly.

The mail leaves to-morrow, so I shall not have time to write to you from Sung-Kiang.

To his Mother.

Sung-Kiang, *December* 2, 1862.

You see I have changed my quarters. I have come down here temporarily to survey the country. This place is about thirty miles from Shanghai, up the Whampoa river. It is a walled Chinese town, and does not belong to us; it has a garrison of Ward's drilled Chinese, about 2,000 men. The country round is now quite clear of rebels, so I am safe in my excursions. There are a few Europeans here—Ward's officers and some of our soldiers—who were sent down from Shanghai to drill the Chinese. I was not very comfortable when I came at first, as I had to put up in a Chinese house without any glass in the windows, and the weather being frightfully cold, I was nearly frozen. However, I am now much better off, as I live in Burgevine's house.

Burgevine is Ward's successor; he is a Southern American. He is very well paid by the Chinese, getting £4,000 a year and a *Kumpshaw* (present) for every city he takes. Sung-Kiang is the headquarters of his force. It was once a very nice city, the principal one in the province, and where the Chinese literary degrees were conferred, but the rebels took it and demolished the greater number of the fine buildings. It has been now, for about two years, in

possession of Ward's force, and was besieged last spring by about 40,000 rebels, who surrounded it on all sides, but did not succeed in taking it.

The country round is beautiful, and I have never seen anywhere anything to equal it in fertility. I dined on Saturday last with the *Sung-Kiang Fou*, a swell mandarin of the province. We began dinner at 2 p.m. They say the Chinese cookery beats the French: I quite think so. We had an innumerable quantity of dishes; the viands were served cut up in small bowls, and we helped ourselves with chop-sticks. I could not manage the chop-sticks, and had to use a fork, which we wisely sent on before. At first they served up about twenty dishes of cold fowl, brawn, fruit, eggs—six years old (these are kept buried until required)—and vegetables. I did not expect any more, and foolishly helped myself rather plentifully, but to my surprise a fresh relay came in of birds'-nest soup, and then a number of other dishes, getting more substantial every course. It is the custom here to keep on offering fresh dishes to the guests as long as they partake of them. The Chinese host is quite proud if he can keep you going for twelve hours without exhausting his resources. We could not drink their liquor, so sent our own champagne. We sat two hours at dinner. I could not do any work for the remainder of the day, and had the nightmare after I went to bed!

I do not get any extra pay here, as I am in the Queen's service, but the English officers who are drilling the Chinese get £1,200 a year for it.

Burgevine told me he wanted to organize an Engineer corps, but I did not offer my services. I don't know that I should be allowed to do so, or that he would have me, but I think he would. Gordon advised me some time ago to offer, and said he would manage it for me, but it is not yet settled on what footing we should be, and since then we have got a frightful amount of work to do. I expect before long there will be a grand operation against the rebels. Burgevine wants to take Nankin, their stronghold, but I think, if he attempts it with only his own force, he will be beaten. I hope we shall be allowed to help him. . . .

I have now experienced a little of a Chinese winter, and find it very pleasant; the cold is such a relief after the hot weather. I sleep in flannels and between blankets to avoid the damp, so you see how careful I am. One gets quite fat in the winter here. If you could see me now, you would not regret my coming to China. I have seen so many remarkable things since I came, that when I write I can scarcely recall single ones to my memory. When I go back I shall have any amount of stories to tell you. We are getting a tremendous hold of the Chinese, drilling their men, taking their customs, and governing their cities, and none of them seem to object, except the mandarins, who of course do not like being put out of power. Ward's force is officered by Europeans; a good many are Irishmen, but they are a very bad lot. Burgevine would be glad to get rid of them. Burgevine was educated at West Point

Military School; his brother is adjutant-general in the Southern army. I don't know what brought him here; he is married to a Chinese woman. He was very badly wounded last spring—shot through the body. Medical men say his escape was a miracle. Poor old Ward is buried here in Chinese fashion—his coffin over-ground. This place was his head-quarters. He came out to China as mate of a ship, outlawed from America, and has died worth a million and a half. He was often wounded, and people had the idea he could not be shot.

It is now late, and I must be up at daylight, so will say good-bye, with best love to all.

* * * * *

There is a Chinese proverb which says that a man to be particularly lucky should be born at Canton, married at Souchow, and live at Sung-Kiang.

The first place is celebrated for clever men, the second for beautiful (!) women (can one fancy a beautiful Chinawoman?), and the last for fine scenery.

Diary Continued.

Wednesday, December 10th.—Sent letter to Gordon. Got Sui-fang back. Went to Litu-wei by West Creek. Got a note from Gordon and Maud.

11th.—Day very wet. Sent tracings of work to Gordon.

12th.—Went towards Nas pagoda and fixed it;

returned along Whampoa bank to the Litu-wei Creek. Got back at 8-30 p.m.

14*th.*—Day very fine and frosty. Surveyed some creeks about Litu-wei.

Monday.—Day very wet. Started for Sing-poo, but obliged to return.

16*th.*—Revising work and drawing.

To his Brother P.

December 20, 1862.

I was staying in a Chinese city a week ago, and inside the wall (four miles in circumference) there were pheasants, wild duck, and snipe! It is the grandest shooting country I know. You can get to any place in boats, and make yourself quite comfortable, shoot all day, and sleep in the boat at night. The merchants here do not shoot much, as they are not sportsmen, and are only keen on the dollar!

Just now we are driving the rebels outside the bounds, namely, thirty miles round Shanghai. There is talk of taking Nankin from the rebels. The English troops will not be allowed to go against it, but some English officers may be allowed to direct the operations. If so, the place will probably be taken; if not, there is not much chance of it, as the drilled Chinese are officered by civilians, sailors, and private solders discharged from our service, *not one* of whom could direct any operations. I will do my best to go. It would be a grand thing if I were

the only English officer, and we succeeded. But I think it is very likely that Captain Gordon, R.E., will go. If he does, they have the best man in China to show them the way.

To his Mother.

SHANGHAI, *December* 27, 1862.

I received your long letter when I came back from Sung-Kiang. I am going out again to-morrow to survey another part of the country. This time I shall have some troops with me. I return in about eight days, and go out again in another direction for ten or twelve days more.

The weather now is very cold—a great deal of frost. It is colder than I ever felt it at home. The thermometer goes down to 20° at night. It will be no joke roughing it in tents. I am not going to Nankin, as the general will not allow any of the officers to take part in the operations. I don't think they will come off for some time, as they are not quite ready yet. Do not be anxious if you don't receive letters from me as punctually as heretofore, as I may be away in the country when the mail leaves, and have no opportunity of sending a letter.

I spent a very mild Christmas Day. Had my breakfast with one regiment and dined with another. I thought of you at home, and only wished I could drop in among you all. The men spent their Christmas in the usual way that soldiers do abroad: by getting drunk, and making beasts of themselves

eating too much. It was the same at Gibraltar. I have never had the luck to be quartered out of a large garrison, and I am afraid never shall. Our operations against the rebels are over for some time, at least. We have cleared the country for the specified distance round Shanghai (thirty miles). I am still employed surveying it. There was nothing known of it before, not even the existence of large towns. The rebels can return at any time, as the towns are only garrisoned by Imperial troops; but I expect when they find we do not interfere with them as long as they keep clear of the thirty miles radius, they will have sense enough not to come closer. . . . I sold one of my nags the other day. I have only one now, which is quite enough for me in the cold weather. *This* is the one I *borrowed* (!) from the rebel at Kahding! He is a capital pony. I rode him over thirty miles yesterday.

There is a Government photographic apparatus in Hong-Kong. Gordon has applied to have it sent up here, so I may have an opportunity of taking a few photographs. They are very dear to buy here—two dollars for the commonest kind. When I go to Japan I think I shall take the camera with me, as there are beautiful views to be got there. It would also be a good opportunity to get a look at the fortifications.

Next month will be the coldest of the year. All the Chinamen wear five or six coats, the outer one being sheepskin, or some kind of fur. One can scarcely imagine that a few months ago it was

roasting hot, and now it is freezing cold. It is this that wears out the men's constitution, and there is only one thing that will keep one in health, and that is, plenty of work—the more the better. I was never so well, except when I was at the Curragh, as I was at Sung-Kiang, where I had to stand any amount of draughts, and sleep in a boat now and then.

A great number of the men here get what they call the "shakes." It is fever and ague. A fellow will be quite well in the morning, and before the day is over may be attacked quite suddenly with this malady. It, however, does not last very long.

I expect we shall build barracks here soon, as it is an immense expense fitting up the storehouses and hiring them, &c. It cost £12,500 to buy stores and fit the houses, &c., up for the troops, and I should be afraid to say how much it costs a month for the hire of some of the buildings. I expect the Chinese will be obliged to pay it all up. At present they refuse to give any more; but it would be very hard on the English Government to have to pay for the troops which protect a lot of Chinese, and any amount of Americans, Germans, &c. The French have troops here to protect themselves.

It is a curious thing here that all the clerks in the Chinese Custom House are English! The Chinese cannot trust their own officials. In some transactions they are quite honest, but a bad custom prevails amongst all mandarins and officials. It is called "squeezing," and means extorting sums of

money. The Government squeezes the governor of a province, he squeezes the mandarins under him, and they in their turn squeeze the rich merchants. The rich men here never have nice houses, as they are afraid to show their wealth. They, however, spend large sums in feasting—the only way they have of getting rid of their money. The governors of provinces do not receive any regulated pay, but are allowed to make an income by taxing those under them. China is too large a country to be governed by one head.

I hope you all spent a happy Christmas, and that I was the only absent one. This is the third Christmas I have been away from home; two more, and then we may meet! I am afraid to think of all I shall see and pass through during the coming year. As for you, I trust it will find you all well and happy.

The beginning of the year 1863 was passed by the young Engineer in making surveys of the surrounding country. From the entries in his diary for the month of January we see that he was again attacked by the malady from which he suffered at intervals from the time of his arrival in China.

January, 2, 1863, *Friday*.—Started at 9 a.m., riding to Taitsan. Walked from Taitsan to Loti and back

to Sungpahong, where 360 Beloochees under Colonel Hough cantoned for the night.

3*rd*.—Started at 9 a.m., riding to Loti. Surveyed from Loti to Sungpahong.

5*th*, *Monday*.—Marched from Loti to Ladong (five miles), and rode out to Ludochow with seven gunners. Had a skirmish with the rebels.

6*th*.—Went from Ladong to Ludochow. Saw rebels, but did nothing. . . .

5*th*.—Marched from Loti to Sandong and to Powshan, surveying. Slept in joss-house.

10*th*, *Saturday*.—Returned to Shanghai.

13*th*.—Got the order to start with the expedition on Thursday. . . .

Expedition postponed till Friday.

16*th*, *Friday*.—Started at 12 for Nimpong. The gunboat *Havoc* towing the boats. Arrived at Nimpong at about 11 p.m.

17*th*.—Surveyed from Nimpong, 6½ miles. Felt worse with an attack of dysentery.

19*th*.—Stopped all night in a small creek near Nimpong. In the morning could not make way, as wind and tide were unfavourable. Got on shore and walked back twelve miles.

20*th*.—Saw Gulland and got some medicine from him.

21*st*.—On sick list.

24*th*.—Expedition returned, except Gordon and Daniells. . . .

24*th*.—Came off sick list.

29*th*.—Gordon and Daniells returned.

31*st*.—Changed quarters to Hare-hound Street.

On February 4th he writes to his sister :—

I believe I am somewhat in your debt. I have been knocking about so much lately, I did not know exactly how my letter account stood. . . . I suppose you are quite tired of hearing about the rebels, so I shall not say anything about them. I have changed my quarters, and am very comfortable here. The rents here are enormous. For instance, this house has accommodation for eight officers, and we pay £100 a month for it. . . .

We have got up a theatre, and a performance will soon come off.

February 8th.

Nothing has happened since I began this. There is an expedition going out to take a city called Taitsan from the rebels. I believe no English troops are going—only Ward's men. I am going out surveying to-morrow or next day, and expect to remain away a week or ten days. I shall be by myself, which is very melancholy. It is horribly lonely when you are in a wild country, and have no one to speak to. It does not matter during the day when you are busy, but at night—just imagine coming in wet and miserable, and finding nothing for dinner except a piece of cold beef and bread, and then turning in to sleep until daylight, with not a soul near you except your servant. There has been perpetual frost for the last three days, and I expect we are in for lots of snow. I never felt it so cold at home as I do here at night.

There have been several balls here lately, but I have only been to one. They all have a superfluity of gentlemen, and no unmarried ladies, which is not inviting! . . .

DIARY CONTINUED.

February 9, 1863.—A review of the troops by General Staveley. Finished the schedule and sent it in.

10*th*.—Doing a copy of plan of Shanghai. Called on Alabaster about an interpreter.

11*th*.—Making arrangements to start for Kahding. Got two boats from the Consulate.

12*th*.—Got an interpreter from Gordon. Dined at Artillery mess, and started at 9 p.m. for Woosung. Slept between Shanghai and Woosung.

13*th*.—Arrived at Woosung at 1 p.m. Slept between Woosung and Kahding.

14*th*.—Started for Kahding at 6 a.m. Arrived at 1 p.m. Left at 3.30. Arrived at Wei-Kong-tsu at 7 p.m., and at Taitsan at 1 p.m.

15*th*, *Sunday*.—Holland defeated.

16*th*, *Monday*.—Rode from Shanghai to Wei-Kong, and reported to General by sending Corporal Loftus from Kahding. Sat up all night at Loti, waiting for boats.

17*th*.—Started at daylight. Rode from Loti to Woosung, and then to Shanghai.

18*th*.—Rode from Shanghai to Kahding. Met General and troops. Sent home horse and walked from Kahding to Wei-Kong-tzu, and slept there.

19*th*, *Thursday*.—Rode from Wei-Kong with general and escort towards Taitsan, and then to Lodong and Ludochow. Surveyed with Gordon. Met boats at Naitzean, and sent them back.

20*th*, *Friday*.—Returned to Shanghai with Thompson.

21*st*, *Saturday*.—Artillery escort and Gordon came back; also Maud. Gordon appointed to Sung-Kiang.

On February 22nd he writes to his mother:—

SHANGHAI.

I did not write last mail, as I was rather pressed for time. I think it is the only mail I have missed since I left home. You will see by the papers that the steamer *Colombo* was wrecked and the mail not recovered: she carried some letters for you.

The weather here now is glorious—cold nights and very hot days. . . .

The Chinese New Year is being celebrated at present; they keep it for five days, during which time they indulge in any amount of eating. They are very careful in squaring their accounts before the beginning of the year. A man who cannot pay his debts to his neighbours at this time is considered a defaulter. The Chinese are a very business-like people, but are not so straightforward, quick, and independent in action as Englishmen.

I have just returned from an expedition. I witnessed a singular defeat of Ward's drilled Chinese by the rebels the other day. The force, under an

English officer, Captain Holland, Royal Marines, went to take a place called Taitsan. It is outside the district we are protecting, therefore we had nothing to do with it, as we have a kind of treaty with the rebels, that if they do not come within thirty miles of Shanghai, we will not attack them. I was sent up by the general to survey Taitsan (when taken) and the country round, and arrived while Captain Holland was besieging the town. Through bad management in the Engineer department Holland's force was repulsed, and had to retire in haste, losing two guns. This is a great blow for the drilled Chinese, as they were never beaten in Ward's time. I don't know what will become of Holland, as he was only in temporary command, but I expect he will have to give it up.

Captain Gordon, R.E., has been promoted to major. He is trying to get the command of this force, and I think will succeed; if so, I should like to take service under him if I am allowed. I would not like to serve under a man of so junior a rank unless he belonged to my own corps. . . .

The general marched out the troops after Holland's repulse, and I went with them, so for the last few days I have had a very rough time of it. I thank God I am in good health, and hope, by being careful, to continue so.

I am going out again next week on another surveying expedition, which will, I believe, be the last. . . . I was not allowed to assist Holland in any way. . . . However, I looked after some wounded men.

There were about sixteen officers and 150 men killed and wounded, a great many for a small affair.

The health of the troops now is everything that could be desired. . . .

I can imagine the garden at home looking very pretty this spring. I don't see any flowers or roots here worth sending you ; but there may be some up North; I shall look out for them when I go there. . . .

I have got your photograph copied and painted in oils by a Chinaman. I had to tell him the colour of your hair, eyes, and complexion : he has hit them off wonderfully. I stood behind him till he made them all right.

DIARY CONTINUED.

February 24th.—Left Shanghai for Minhong. Surveyed part of road, twelve miles.

26th.—Boats started from Luchin to Wondu. Got stuck twelve miles from Wondu. Walked to Wondu : arrived at 8 p.m. and dined with mandarin.

27th.—Surveyed from Lade to Wondu.

28th.—Rode from Naitzean, six miles up to Molo. Met Maud and boats at Fontu at 2 p.m.

March 1st.—Went out shooting before breakfast and brought in two pheasants. Surveyed to one mile from rebel stockade.

2nd.—Surveying Kahding. Day very hot.

4th.—Completed survey. Rode into Shanghai.

About this time he received orders from

headquarters to take over the duties of Major Gordon at Shanghai on the appointment of the latter to the command of the Chinese contingent.

March 17th.—Went out with Gordon and talked over the Chinese contingent.[1]

18th.—Took over maps and plans from Gordon.

23rd.—Gordon appointed to Ward's force. I take charge of the company.

25th.—Gordon left for Sung-Kiang.

To his Mother.

Shanghai, *March* 8, 1863.

I look on it as the greatest blessing having so many near relatives to love and esteem. It is a great incentive to do what is right. I don't think I should care much what became of me if I had no home to look forward to. . . . I should so much like when I go back to find everything the same as it was when I was with you last spring, but we have no control over such things. I often look back on the short leaves spent at home. They are the bright spots of my life. . . .

I must now tell you that we have finished the big map we were making. It is an immense thing. . . . The general is delighted with it, and every one says the

[1] This entry refers to the project he was considering of taking service with Major Gordon in the Chinese force.

Engineers deserve a great deal of credit. My share was small, but Gordon worked day and night. The way in which we worked was this: we got an escort of troops, some boats, and ten or twelve days' provisions, and made a tour round the country, surveying as we went on. When we came home we "plotted" the work (put it on the map), got our clothes washed and repaired, and started again. I enjoyed these expeditions immensely. I only returned from the last one a few days ago. We (two of us) had a boat each, and four sappers with us. The boats are flat-bottomed and covered with bamboo matting, inside which we slept: they are very comfortable, as they have boards to put your bed on, and the matting keeps out the rain. We used to get up at daylight, dress, and get our breakfast of hot tea, or cocoa, and bread and meat; then start for some other town ten or fifteen miles away, I going in one direction surveying, and the other officer in another; the sappers taking care of the boats. About dusk we generally arrived at our destination, hoping to find the boats and a substantial dinner waiting for us. However, we have often been disappointed, and left without either all night. If the place happened to be inhabited, we would find out the mandarin and tell our story (I had generally an interpreter with me): he would probably regale us with tea and a few sugar-plums, when we were simply starving! and allow us to sit up all night in a cold room to wait until the boats came (there are no fires or fireplaces in Chinese houses). I have been benighted several times—once by myself in a

town where there were only a few inhabitants. I went into an empty house, got a fellow to make tea and boil some rice, for which I paid a dollar. A number of the villagers brought in a table, chairs, and lights; they sat up with me all night, playing dominoes and drinking tea, while I sat at the fire. I had ridden nearly forty miles that day, and had to ride twenty-four the next day to get some breakfast.

The last time I was benighted—only a few days ago—I started at daylight to ride thirty-six miles to a place from which I was to begin surveying for twelve miles. It was arranged that another officer would meet me with my boat. It was seven o'clock when I arrived at the appointed place, and there were no boats to be seen, so I went to the mandarin, who most provokingly gave me tea and some sweets, when I could have eaten a horse! I had just made up my mind for a long fast when I heard the fellow's voice outside; but alas! he had not brought my boat; he had sent it on with the men, and they had lost their way. However, I ate *his* provisions and slept in *his* boat, long boots and all! The next day I got my boat all right, and we had a very pleasant trip.

We have a little excitement sometimes in these expeditions, when we get close to the rebels. In a suspicious place I always put the boats in a *strategical* position (that is, in a spot where we could land quickly and take to our legs across country), and set a man to keep watch all night. I would just as soon be caught napping by a pack of hungry wolves as by the rebels. The other day I had to survey quite

close to them. I had great difficulty in getting the interpreter to go with me. When we arrived I gave him my pony to hold, but getting afraid that if a rebel showed himself a mile off this fellow would ride off and let my pony go, I went to a mandarin in the neighbourhood, and got him with four soldiers to go in front, and told the interpreter that he would be the *first* victim if he let my pony go. This put the poor fellow in an awful fright. When I got to the village the soldiers told me that twenty rebels had been there that morning, and that they had an entrenchment a quarter of a mile off; but I did not believe either statement. The Chinese mandarins and men are the most unprincipled, mean, boasting, cowardly brutes on this earth. They can only be got to do anything by two means: one is fear, and the other is payment. There is no such thing as love or honour; a man will sell his father, a father his child, even to a foreigner. The Tartars are a much finer race, but there are none here, as they cannot stand the climate.

The rebels have been very successful lately: they beat Ward's force, killing several hundred. I was looking on as I was surveying the country. The failure was entirely through bad generalship in the commanding officer, who was a Royal Marine. If a cadet from Woolwich had the direction he would have done better. General Holland had no idea beyond brute force. He actually told me, when I was at Sung-Kiang, and had an argument with him about the last French and Austrian campaign, that

he did not believe in *tactics!* My idea is, that with a small number of drilled Chinese against a large number of rebels, you should take every advantage of superior knowledge. I was not allowed by the general to take any part in the action. When General Holland told me he was going to retreat, I asked him not to do so, and showed him what to do; but he said he could not depend on his men to remain an hour longer with him, that they would all desert, —which may have been true. So he retired to Sung-Kiang, losing two guns. He, throughout all the operations, did not take the least advantage of tactics. General Ward, who was not a professional soldier, would have acted better.

The French Chinese Contingent Force were well beaten the other day. The general (a captain in the French army) was killed, also a lieutenant of the R.N. There will be a row about this, as Captain Dew, R.N., went there with two of his officers and some men to help the Chinese, which he had no right to do, as the place is outside the country we are protecting. His lieutenant (Tinling, a very nice fellow) was shot in the head. Captain Dew will, I think, be responsible for bringing him there.

I must now tell you that Captain Gordon has been promoted to a brevet-majority, and has been appointed from Pekin to command the Chinese contingent. He has asked me to join him, and of course I have consented. I don't yet know if I shall be allowed to do so, but I expect I shall. You may think me rather inconsistent in joining the Chinese, disliking and

despising them as I do. But I have many reasons for doing so. Firstly, I shall have to remain in China two years longer, and I don't want to be idle during that time; besides, I shall get plenty of experience in the field with the Chinese force. Secondly, I shall hold a high position and get better pay. Thirdly, Major Gordon is just the man I would go anywhere with. I am not sure that I should join if they were under any other officer. The only objection I have to Shanghai is the climate. I could get service in a contingent in the North, but then I should not be with Gordon. If I am not allowed to go I shall still be in a good position, being the senior officer here for some time at least.

I expect to go up to Tientsin and Pekin. Gordon is kindly sending me on duty. I will make a trip of it at the same time. Every fellow who has been North says it is by far the best part of China. We are sending over two men-of-war from here to Japan. I am afraid the disturbance there will bring on a war with us: if so, I would throw the Chinese overboard. . . .

I hope the fine weather will soon be in: it is now alternately hot and cold, wet and dry. I am in splendid health, thank God, I may send you a photograph soon, but it is not necessary to reassure you. I am as fat as when I was at the Curragh. . . .

The following letter to his sister is written on the same date:—

March 8, 1863.

Do not imagine that amongst my many occupations and wanderings I ever forget any of you. We often say, when sitting over a fire by moonlight in a ruined Chinese village, committing any amount of old Chinese furniture to the flames, "I wonder what our friends at home would say if they saw us now." I am constantly wishing I could sketch well, I would be able to send you any amount of funny pictures. One thing amuses me intensely and that is the amazement of the Chinamen at the phenomenon of an Englishman performing his toilet, especially when they see you immerse yourself in cold water, a numerous shivering crowd stand round, gazing open-mouthed and giving forth ejaculations of "*Eu jah!*" which means, I suppose, "O dear!" They themselves never feel cold water during the winter and the greater number of them do not even take off their clothes for months. There is no cloth in China, so they wear many garments of cotton. I have seen a man with five or six coats on and some of them padded. The women and children are complete bundles; the latter can scarcely move and they are all filthy. I was very much amused the other day at a Chinaman under rather serious circumstances. A bullet struck him and he dropped down in a sitting posture: there was a hole in his coat so he peeled it off; then came another coat with a hole in it, he tore that off; but still the hole appeared in an under-garment. Well, I could not tell you how many coats he took off, still finding the bullet hole. When nearing the end of

his search, his countenance assumed a most anxious and doleful expression. At last he came to his yellow skin, which he found to his satisfaction, whole—the bullet having just grazed his ribs. The peeling off the garments and the hole still appearing, reminded me forcibly of J., when he used to fire his little cannon at an old book, and then triumphantly turn over page after page to show you how many it had penetrated. The recollection of this made me burst out laughing.

I saw many fellows have what you would call miraculous escapes. One shot through the ear. Another hit by a bullet which struck the ornament on the front of his cap, and being turned by it only grazed his skull. Another fellow had his front teeth knocked out, and several were shot through their clothes. One feels a bit nervous at first, but soon gets used to it; and after a very short time one does not mind it much. The Emperor of China wants to give us a medal for fighting the rebels, but I don't think the Queen will authorize it. . . .

I am very busy just now, as we are getting up races and games for the soldiers. I shall be glad when they are over. They had garrison theatricals here lately, but I did not patronize them. . . . You can scarcely imagine me instructing a lot of fellows with pig-tails as to the correct mode of circumventing and annihilating their fellow-countrymen! Such will be my work if I go into the Chinese service.

TO HIS SISTER E.

SHANGHAI, *March* 21, 1863.

. . . The rebels are not troubling us now, but may begin to do so at any time; they usually choose the hot weather for their raids. The survey is completed, and a copy goes home by this mail. Major Gordon was kind enough to mention me specially. . . . We are all in good health, I am thankful to say, the only prevalent illness being neuralgia. The Chinese are suffering however from other ailments, as they are beginning now to feel the effect of leaving their skins unpolluted by water during the winter. My little rebel, who is invaluable to me, has been annoyed with a common Chinese disease. I have obliged him to apply soap and water to his hide twice a day on pain of being licked: he now takes to it quite "natural like," and carries himself in to me regularly for inspection. I don't know what to do with myself just now as there is a respite of work. I should have gone to Japan or Pekin, but Major Gordon is leaving, and I must remain *pro tem.* I have taken advantage of an officer's going to Japan to invest in *curios* to the amount of £15 or £20. So you see I have not quite forgotten you. I told him to buy things suitable for ladies, with a number of knicknacks, &c. also many tobacco pouches for the boys: so, have your minds duly prepared for something stupendous. I trust I shall soon have an opportunity of sending the things to you.

This place is becoming more important every day;

one wonders more is not thought of it in England, when one sees the brief descriptions of the country, &c., in the papers, and the large space occupied with frivolous matters. I was highly entertained with an interesting paragraph in a Kilkenny paper relating how a gentleman had lost a gold watch !

You will be horrified to hear thatI shall not be a captain for five years more. I was looking over the list to-day and was grieved to find it so. I am not ambitious, but 27 is very old for a subaltern ! . . .

If I get through China and go home, I have laid out my plans for the future. I would give a great deal, dear E., to go home for one week and see you all again. The farther we are from home the more we think of it, and all our thoughts and aspirations focus to the one point, namely, the time when we shall arrive in old England, or Ireland, as the case may be.

Be sure you tell me all about the horses when you are writing next. I hope you and B. have plenty of riding. . . . I have a very nice pony now, but do not ride him much except on expeditions. Major Gordon gave him to me on the condition that I should give him back if he wants him. I have also been promised a very nice pointer, belonging to the General, who will not take him home. I spent St. Patrick's evening with young Handy, who is a very nice fellow. I procured a bit of shamrock in honour of the day.

I hear there has been some distress amongst the poor farmers in Ireland. When will they become

comfortable? Here, if a man works for six months, he can feed himself for twelve. It was almost the same in Spain; yet at home they work hard for twelve and starve. It is very hard.

Many of the civilians are going home before the advent of summer. I think last summer startled them, as about one-tenth of the Europeans died; but the greatest loss was amongst their protectors.

Major Gordon goes to Sung-Kiang in a few days, then I shall be head swell here, unless I am allowed to go with him, which I am anxious to do. Imagine my having descended to be an Instructor to the Celestials in the science and art of war (very little of the *former* I am afraid!). But such are the ups and downs of the world.

Diary Continued.

March 28th.—Gordon came down here. Put six bamboo ladders and four artillery bridges on board the *Hyson* for him.

April 1st.—Making preparations for Gordon's expedition to Fushan. Got a Madras platform and five hundred baskets of sand-bags.

3rd, Good Friday.—Church in the morning. No men employed on works.

6th.—Day very wet. Received bullet-moulds from Sung-Kiang. Settled about rifle match.

9th, Thursday. — Gordon returned after taking Fushan.

13*th.*—Went with Gentia to joss-house for Gordon.

14*th, Tuesday.*—Put things on board the *Hyson* for Gordon.

15*th.*—*Hyson* went to Sung-Kiang.

16*th.*—*Hyson* returned.

CHAPTER VI.

1863.

SHANGHAI. YOKOHAMA.

"He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love!"
WORDSWORTH (*The Happy Warrior*).

ON April 6th, he writes:—

We are all most anxious about Major Gordon, who has made his first campaign with the disciplined Chinese. He has gone to take a place called Fushan, which the Imperialists attacked, but failed at three times. I trust he will get through it all right; he is so regardless of danger it makes one uneasy.

I am by myself now, but expect there will soon be a captain sent, as this is rather too important a post

for a subaltern. The housing of the troops and officers here now costs over £2,000 per month. I wonder what the Government will say when they have to pay up! In addition to that, Gordon and I have spent over £14,000 since I came here in repairing joss-houses, &c.

Major Gordon's request that Lieutenant Lyster should be allowed to join the Chinese force was not complied with, as his services were required at Shanghai. In writing to his brother, on the 19th of April, he says:—

I have offered to serve under Gordon, but at present I am obliged to remain here to take charge until Brine, first captain, who is over in Japan, returns. I need hardly say it will be very dangerous work, as one is obliged to go into the cities before the Chinese; they are great cowards and will never go forward unless well led.

TO HIS MOTHER.

SHANGHAI, *April* 19, 1863.

I need not tell you what a comfort it is to me to get any letter from home, but you cannot possibly know what that feeling is until you are at a long distance, and a long time separated from those you love. I was very sorry to hear that my father was not well. . . . I think I have inherited his objection

to going on the sick list; but it is necessary sometimes. . . .

General Brown has arrived here to take over the command from General Staveley. I am sorry the latter is leaving, he has been very kind to me. . . . The fleet has gone to Japan to demand reparation for the murders committed. Major Gordon is preparing to give the rebels another treat. The Chinamen here, whom you seem to have a great abhorrence of, are a very harmless lot, not nearly so treacherous as the Canton men; still, I do not intend to put myself in the power of any of them if I can help it. The rebels say they will decapitate any Europeans they catch; they cut off the head of a wounded European at Taitsan in a twinkling.

I am sending you a paper giving an account of a concert here, and some of Gordon's performances. The former is rather a flare-up account, but I can vouch for the modesty of the latter, as I gave the facts to the editor myself.

A good many of the settlers are going home this spring; some for good, and some only for the season. They are lucky to be able to do so, and they live here in a style of luxury far different from the poor soldier. . . .

He writes on the same date to his sister B. :—

Tell me how the shaded walk in the garden is getting on? There are no flowers here worth

collecting; the few one meets have no scent. Cascade must be looking very nice now. You remember this time last year I was there.

The leaves I spent at home are the green spots in my life. Vacations from school were not so good, as we always felt that the *last* day was coming swiftly round, and I was not old enough to fully appreciate the blessings of home. . . . The weather now is beautiful for walking, I am on my legs all day except when doing a little drawing. I am going to Sung-Kiang with the new General to-morrow and return in the evening. It is now late and I must go to bed, but will add more to this before I send it, so chin-chin!

April 22nd.

The General has just settled that all the European troops go to Hong-Kong, and I may have to go.

The ultimatum is to be handed to the Japanese on the 26th. If there is any trouble with them, it may cause the detention of the troops. Major Gordon, I believe, is not to be left in command of the Ward force after all, as Sir Fred. Bruce wants to re-instate General Burgevine, so I will not join them. However, everything is in a most unsettled state at present.

Both generals leave to-day, and in another month Shanghai will be occupied only by Indian troops, and a regiment of French.

DIARY CONTINUED.

April 28th.—Went to joss-house, which is being converted to a powder-magazine for Gordon.

30th.—Expedition under Murray started at 7.30 a.m.; arrived at Naitzean at 11.30 a.m.

May 1st.—Rode from Naitzean to Kahding. Met boats there.

2nd, Saturday.—Taitsan taken at 4 p.m., after a severe struggle. Gordon lost 1 officer killed, 7 wounded; 40 men killed, 103 wounded.

3rd.—Went up to Taitsan.

4th.—Surveyed road from Wontzefow to Chemingdong and into Waiquaidong.

5th.—Arrived at Taitsan at 5 a.m.; had breakfast and surveyed city wall. Got back to boat at 1 p.m. Day very hot; laid up with headache.

6th.—Surveyed road from Waiquaidong to south gate, Taitsan, and from south gate to west gate.

7th.—Went from Waiquaidong with a message. Saw Wood; got back at 8 p.m.

8th.—Returned from Waiquaidong to Shanghai. Shot three brace of snipe before breakfast.

9th.—Force returned under Murray.

15th, Friday.—Gordon came back to Shanghai from Sung-Kiang.

19th, Tuesday.—Gordon returned to Sung-Kiang. Day very hot. News from Japan, and application for troops.

20th.—Sent ladders, bridges, and platforms to Wheelorts. Sent Brine's letter on board *Race-Horse.*

LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

SHANGHAI, *May* 20, 1863.

I did not write to you by the last mail (the only one I have missed since I came to China) as I was ordered suddenly up the country on an expedition. I did not know anything of it until the evening before I started. . . .

There is no news here except what comes from Japan, which is very warlike. The Admiral, who is over there to exact reparation for the murders committed, has sent to the General here a pressing demand for troops. I don't think the General can spare him any; however, we shall know his answer in a few days.

The weather here is beginning to get warm—yesterday was the first really hot day. I am not so much afraid of the climate as at first. They say the first summer is always the worst for Europeans. . . .

A captain of the 31st, who was a great friend of mine, died a few days ago; his name was Adams. . . . He died of typhus fever. He introduced me to some nice people before he got ill.

Major Gordon is going on splendidly; he is now a great favourite with the Chinese. He has had two very stiff engagements with the rebels, and was successful in both. The country round is pretty clear of them now, and Shanghai is quite safe. I have not been able to join him regularly as they won't let me leave Shanghai. I have command of

a company here and am the senior Engineer officer. The Chinese authorities offered Major Gordon a lot of money for the places he took. This is customary, but he refused, and said "the services of an English officer could not be bought with money!" He is doing a good deal for the honour of the English name in China. I hope he may get through all right. He is so fearless of danger—one cannot help feeling anxious for his safety. All my men are in good health now, but I hope they won't leave the poor fellows here for the summer, as they have had too much of China. Their total strength now is seventy-four; they were over one hundred strong when they came out here. . . .

May 22nd.—I expect to be going out on another expedition soon. I should like better than anything to be sent to Japan, the climate is so good. We shan't be able to do much work in the summer so the rebels will have a respite. . . .

There is no place like home after all. I would not care to return now, but will be delighted when my term of service in China is at an end. There will be a year of it over by the time you get this. . . .

LETTER TO HIS BROTHER P.

SHANGHAI, *May 22*, 1863.

I would write to you oftener if I had any news to tell you, for although there are many changes

taking place here it would probably interest you little to hear of them. . . .

Gordon has had command of the Ward force for nearly two months, and during that time he has done splendid service for the Chinese Government. He has been half the time in the field. He took a place called Taitsan from the rebels the other day; they made a most determined resistance. Gordon said that in his experience in the Crimea he never saw anything like it. The assaulting party were repulsed at first, and they fought for three-quarters of an hour on the breach before they could get in. The rebels had several Englishmen, Frenchmen, and natives of India to help them. One Englishman, a deserter from H.M. 31st Regiment was wounded, two Frenchmen were killed, and one American.

Gordon lost—one officer killed, seven wounded (some mortally), twenty Chinese killed and one hundred and three wounded. He only had two thousand five hundred men there.

I was out with the English troops, who were four and a half miles from the place, so that if Gordon were beaten he could fall back on them. I went up to Taitsan the day after it was taken and surveyed the place. Gordon went on to another town called Quinsan, fifteen miles further on, but found he was not strong enough to take it, so returned to Sung-Kiang. He is going out again in a few days; I may, perhaps, accompany him this time. I have volunteered to join him, but will not be allowed to

do so for the present, as I am now in command of the R.E.'s here, and have charge of a company of Sappers. . . . I should not think of entering the Chinese service under any other officer here except Gordon. My pay now is £50 a month, which is good, but I have many expenses. I should not leave China now if I got the chance, as I am determined to stay for my allotted period of service, but I shall be delighted when it is over. This climate is awful—now the days are very hot and close; there is a heavy fog and a stillness pervading the atmosphere. . . . You can easily imagine what the climate is when I tell you that Shanghai is built on a mud bank, and for thirty miles round the country is as flat as the paper I am writing on, intersected by myriads of creeks, densely populated, and with most fearful stenches prevailing everywhere. The Chinese leave their dead above ground in coffins. I have seen one hundred coffins in a heap, and you have to hold your nose when passing them. I do not go out much. . . . The society here is unsatisfactory. You are constantly asked out and splendidly entertained; but if you ceased to exist no one would trouble themselves in the least. . . . I have not been to any balls lately, nor do I see a prospect of any except those given by the Taipings! . . .

There is a slight chance of our being sent to Japan to arrange some difference between the natives and resident merchants. A question has arisen as to the legality of the indiscriminate

slaughter of the latter by the former. It has not been settled yet, and there is a likelihood of there being more noise about it than is generally calculated on. Don't be uneasy if you don't hear from me regularly, as I expect to be leading a somewhat erratic sort of existence soon. . . .

Diary Continued.

May 23rd.—Went down to Sung-Kiang with Lloyd.

25th.—Left Sung-Kiang at 10 a.m. Walked and went partly by boat; arrived at Sunkow at 3 p.m.

27th.—Arrived at Quinsan at 10 a.m.

28th, Thursday.—Gordon went out and attacked the rebels in an entrenched position. Defeated them by turned flank. Clayton, 99th, wounded, and seven men of European bodyguard knocked over near E. gate.

29th.—Went round to W. gate in *Hyson* with Gordon, Li-Hung-Chang, and Ching. Went up eight miles towards Souchow and opened fire on rebels and sank some boats. Skirmished up to four hundred yards of stockades, and returned to Quinsan.

30th.—Left at 10 a.m. for Shanghai; arrived at Kahding 1 p.m.; Loti, 6.30; Woosung, 12.15; Shanghai, 6 a.m. Gave Clayton over to Markham.

June 1st, Monday.—News came of Quinsan being taken with very slight loss.

On June 5th he writes to his mother:—

When your letter arrived I was up the country with Major Gordon at the attack of a rebel town called Quinsan. You will see by the papers that he met with great success; he has taken three important places from the rebels during the short time he has had command of the Chinese force.

I have been trying to join it, but have not been able to get leave, owing to the paucity of Engineer officers here; however, I give Gordon all the assistance in my power, and generally manage to get out when there is anything going on.

The news from Japan is peaceable. I expect to go over there soon, as the General told me yesterday he would send me to report on the defences, &c.

I send you a few presents by this mail, and enclose a description of them. . . .

I could send you any amount of Chang-mows (rebels), but I don't think you would care to get them! They make capital servants when trained. My little boy is the best servant I ever had, and I have become so fond of him I can't bear the idea of his leaving me; however, I have promised to try to find out his father and mother for him when Nankin is taken. His father ran away when the rebels came and left this poor little chap to his fate; he is now very fond of the English, and thinks there are no people like them. Major Gordon is now a very high Mandarin. I shall be made one too if I

join him; imagine me a Mandarin with the power of life and death in my hands. If there is a war with Japan I will not join the Chinese force, as our Colonel has promised that I shall be one of the first to go there if there is any fighting. . . .

I am sending amongst the things a shoe of silver taken out of the Emperor's palace at Pekin. Gordon gave it to me; it is a coin amongst the Chinese. . . . By the time this reaches you I shall be a year in China; two more, and, please God, we shall meet again.

To his Brother P.

Shanghai, *June* 17, 1863.

Major Gordon has just taken Quinsan and is now near Souchow. I was with him on the expedition against Quinsan. There was another amateur there also, Captain Clayton, 99th Regiment; he unfortunately got shot through the body, and is now lying dangerously ill.

I am sorry I could not join Gordon from the beginning; however, I have not been idle and have given him all the assistance I could. I am the senior Engineer here now, and am in charge of a company, but I would gladly give it up for Gordon's force. I send you an account of the taking of Quinsan which I sent to the papers. I wrote it in a great hurry. . . . No English officers are allowed to fight against the rebels outside the thirty miles' boundary, except those in the service of the Chinese

Government. . . . If I join Gordon he will give me his bodyguard to make into Sappers. The rebels have Europeans on their side armed with Enfield rifles, and I can tell you, my dear fellow, it is very different work fighting with Chinamen against Chinamen from fighting with Europeans against Chinamen. You have no idea how cheeky the Taipings get; they gave the drilled Chinese a licking at Taitsan, and were very near giving them another when Gordon attacked it. He said he never saw such stiff fighting even in the Crimea; for twenty minutes there were two crowds waving to and fro—the stormers and defenders of the town.

Quinsan was taken by a manœuvre with very little loss. . . .

He writes on the same date to his sister, and having described the contents of a case of Japanese things he is sending home, he goes on:—

I wish I could send you all presents as I like you, then the boxes would be *gold* instead of only *tortoise-shell* and *lacquer*. I also send a large rebel flag taken at Taitsan, and given me by Gordon. I had many other rebel trophies, but have given them away. When I am going home myself, which, please God, will be in two short years, I shall bring you something worth having.

I got a present of a very nice little rebel boy the

other day; he is very small, but is a good-looking lad; he goes by the name of Pekin. My other boy is the most intelligent, honest little fellow you can imagine. I must have him photographed before he leaves me.

I was sorry indeed to hear of Mr. Mease's[1] death. He was a very good man and is now rewarded, I feel sure. It was sad that he should be taken just when he got promotion. People here grumble very much at the climate, but I don't think it is so bad as they imagine. Thank God, I have a good constitution, which pulls me through a good deal. When one has every luxury and is not obliged to expose himself to the sun, there is little to fear; but, when one has to soldier, it is different. The weather up to this has not been at all trying, there has been a good deal of rain and dense fogs that damp everything in your room, turn your boots mouldy in a night, and rust keys, &c. If you can picture a very thick fog, the air perfectly, oppressively, still; any number of muddy creeks; and your ears deafened by a perpetual croaking of frogs—then you have some idea of what China is like.

I have a Japanese bantam cock that keeps continually crowing, and two hens that cackle a great deal; but don't lay eggs, at least I have never seen them. The General gave them to me. If the hens don't behave better, I am afraid, I shall have to decapitate them and eat them—*when the General goes*

[1] Curate for many years of the parish in which the L.'s lived, and one of the best and kindest of men.

to Hong-Kong! I have also two terriers, one of which is a terror to Chinamen.

July 4, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I have not time to write much as the mail here has already closed. I am going to send this down by the General, who will post it in Hong-Kong in time for the mail.

I am, thank God, in very good health. The weather since the 1st of July has been most trying. On that day the poor Engineers were heavily visited; three of the men got cholera and two died—one on the 1st, the other on the 2nd inst. There was not a case of illness before the 1st of July; and now two are dead and six are in hospital. I have done all I could for them, and have changed them into fresh quarters. The poor fellows are in a great fright. I trust the worst of this scourge is over: I believe it only lasts a short time.

The weather is boiling hot; I am dripping with the exertion of writing, although it is six o'clock, p.m.

Now I must tell you that I expect to start for Japan on Wednesday. The Japanese have paid up some of the indemnity, but they are still clamouring for troops to protect the foreigners. The French are sending some from here. The General is sending me to report, and I am to return *immediately*. I am delighted at the idea of going, not only because I shall get away from Shanghai for a time, but I am being employed on an important

service. . . . I got a long letter from L. last mail, which reminded me that my birthday would be to-morrow. I will think of you all.

I must now conclude, in great haste, so good-bye, dear Mother, and God bless you.

Diary Continued.

July 4th.—The weather awfully hot. Got intimation from General that I was to go to Japan. No more cholera since Thursday. Thermometer 95°.

10th.—Left Shanghai on board *Centaur* with Hogg and Wood for Nagasaki.

Weather very fine.

13th.—Arrived at Nagasaki at 11 a.m. Went on shore with H. and W.: walked up the hill and came on board at 6 p.m.

14th.—Left Nagasaki at 4 p.m. Thermometer 85°.

. . . .

20th.—Arrived at Yokohama at 9 a.m. . . .

21st.—Made a copy of map of Yokohama. Rode round the heights with Price 67th Regt.

22nd.—Walked out at 6 a.m. Copied map of Yokohama in ink. Walked in afternoon to French Post and sketched it in.

23rd.—Called on Admiral, and on Dent and Co. about houses.

24th.—Reducing plan of Yokohama. Got estimate of price of huts. French Admiral returned. They spiked five guns, destroyed some powder, shot, and shell, burned gun carriages; having landed 300 men.

27*th.*—Rode with escort to Kanasoeda.

28*th.*—Completing sketch and report.

29*th.*—Left Yokohama at 4 p.m.

August 3*rd.*—Arrived at Shanghai at 2 p.m. Informed of Burgevine affair.

On the above date he writes to his mother:—

SHANGHAI.

Many thanks for your long letter dated June 1st, and for the cholera prescription: indeed, I am very sorry to say, the latter is sadly needed here now.

I arrived from Japan to-day. I was sent there by the General to make a military report. I feel very proud of the confidence placed in me by the General, as it was a mission of some importance.

It would take a long time for me to explain to you the state of affairs in Japan. However I shall try to do so as briefly as possible.

Japan is like what England was in the twelfth and thirteeth centuries. The country is over-run with *Daimios* — a class resembling our barons of old. These *Daimios* own large territories, have an immense number of armed retainers, and are only nominally in subjection to the Government. The Government consists of the *Mikado*, the hereditary ruler. He is a kind of spiritual Emperor and does not take any active part in the administration, but every law, &c., has to be confirmed by him. He is in fact a kind of House of Lords. The second man in the Empire is the *Tycoon*. He represents

the executive branch of the Government, and manages all the affairs of the state and army, a kind of House of Commons. Well, when we made a treaty, we made it with the *Tycoon*, thinking he was the responsible individual. The *Mikado* is hostile to foreigners, many of the *Daimios* are so also; and all these attacks have been made by their retainers; but the *Tycoon* has ever remained faithful to us, protecting and warning us.

Poor Mr. Richardson was murdered by the men of the Prince of Satsuma (a *Daimio*), some time ago. Our fleet, assisted by the French, presented the demands of the English to the Japanese Government, viz., to pay a sum of money to the friends of those who were murdered, to give up the murderers of Richardson, and that the Prince of Satsuma should pay us the sum of £25,000. The Japanese Government have acceded to the first and second demand, though they say *they* cannot give up the murderers, nor can they make Satsuma pay as he is too strong; but they give us leave to do it. It is expected every day that the fleet will go down to Satsuma's place from Yokohama to make the demand. Meanwhile another *Daimio* has been firing indiscriminately on Dutch, French, and American ships which have to pass a narrow channel in the inland sea. The Dutch and Americans attacked these batteries, but were driven off; the French, however, destroyed one. All the Europeans on shore are in an anxious state, as they have no protection except from Japanese guards (*Tycoon's* men).

They fear the *Tycoon* may suddenly change his mind, or that his guards may get disaffected, or be attacked by some powerful *Daimio*. At Yokohama the Europeans have about four hundred troops—principally French — these keep guard every night as the Japanese would be most likely to make the attack there. I was sent to Yokohama to find out how many troops they wanted to defend the place, and what defences were needed. I was very busy while away, and had no opportunity of writing to you. I have not space to tell you of the customs and manners of the people, but will do so another time.

I dined at the English Minister's there—about forty swells sat down—two admirals, Ministers of France, Prussia, the Netherlands, &c. . . . I made the acquaintance of Macdonald, who brought over the Japanese Ambassadors.

I found when I got back to Shanghai that the cholera had made great ravages during my absence. Two officers and the poor lady I spoke of before have died of it. Dysentery also is very bad just now; it has carried off one of my men. I am indeed sorry to give you such bad news, but I have no other. I have been told that 25,000 Chinamen died here last month.

But I have still worse news to tell you. General Burgevine, who was dismissed some time ago by the Chinese, has raised a force and joined the rebels: last night he took a steamer belonging to the Chinese Government. It is known on good authority that some of Major Gordon's officers are treacherous

and intend joining him, if they have not done so already. News has come in to-night that Quinsan with all the garrison (Major Gordon's army) has been given to the rebels, and that there are 20,000 well-armed rebels in Souchow drilled and officered by Europeans ready to march. There is no doubt that Burgevine aims at taking Shanghai. We are in a woful state here: a regiment and a half, and one battery (6 Armstrong guns) just gone home. The French have only left fifty men here, of whom, I hear, thirty-five have died of cholera. We have one Indian regiment—a detachment of twenty-two—also an Indian regiment, one battery of Artillery, and my company of Royal Engineers, altogether from 1,000 to 1,200 men to oppose 50,000, which I believe can be brought down. It is really an anxious time. I wish we were over this month. I don't know whether Burgevine would burn the foreign settlement or confine himself to the Chinese town.

It is now twelve o'clock, and I must now bid you good-bye. Give my best love to all. . . .

P.S.—Don't be alarmed at the news I have written about Burgevine, as if he does come here, I trust I shall get through everything with good fortune. At present I am thankful to say I am in capital health.

A few days afterwards he was ordered on an expedition up the country.

August 8th, Saturday.—Started at 10 p.m. in

charge of thirty-six boats to meet troops who leave at 2 a.m. to-morrow at Kahding.

9*th.*—Arrived within one mile of Loti—boats aground.

10*th.*—Worked with two hundred Coolies from daylight until 3 a.m. Got all boats through except Fontai's rice-boats. Took five Europeans prisoners. Swelled foot.

11*th.*—Got rice-boat through. Dawson came with orders to bring on prisoners. Arrived at Weikong at 6 p.m.

13*th.*—Troops moved on to Taitsan. Foot very swollen.

14*th.*—Remained at Taitsan, where we found Gordon's siege guns.

15*th.*—Rode to Quinsan with Mercer, twelve miles.

17*th.* — Left Taitsan at daylight with boats. Stopped at Weikong till 2 p.m. Arrived at Kahding at 6 p.m.

18*th.*—Started at daylight for Shanghai. Got all boats through Loti by 3.30 p.m.

19*th.*—Arrived at Shanghai at 5 a.m. Found weather much cooler. . . .

21*st.*—Laid out road from Stone Bridge towards Kahding. . . .

24*th.*—Generals Robert and Savory arrived. News from Japan of Admiral Kuhn's engagement. Death of Captain Josling.

On the 20th he had written to his sister

giving a description of the presents—Japanese bronzes, carved fans, jewellery, &c.—he was sending home by the mail of that date. He also stated that he was in good health—his trip to Japan having done him a great deal of good. We learn, however, from his diary, that some days later he was seized with a feverish attack, from which he was still suffering when he wrote the following letter. With the loving thoughtfulness so characteristic of him, he avoids any mention of this illness to his mother.

SHANGHAI, *September* 2, 1863.

I have nothing new to tell you. We are still in the same unsettled state we were when I wrote last. One day it is arranged that all the European troops are to go to Hong-Kong, the next day that they are to remain here—something new having turned up in the meantime. General Brown and his staff are here still; he gave me my choice of going to Hong-Kong, or remaining here; I have chosen the latter.

The weather has been blazing hot for the last week—a great contrast to Hong-Kong, which has been very cool, and healthier than Aldershot for the last two years. This shows the advantage of good drainage, cleanliness, &c.

All sorts of reports are abroad with regard to

what Burgevine is doing. Sherard Osborn is expected every day; if he joins with Gordon, they will soon put down the rebellion. Gordon is getting ready for an expedition. I expect it will be directed against Souchow. If it is taken the force here will be reduced. If not we shall remain until—I don't know when. I have a fair share of out-door work now, and the sun is so hot, it sometimes knocks one up. There are a great many fellows ill now. The other day, out of six Engineer officers in China, only two were doing duty—three being sick and one on leave. Some fellows knock under very soon, and fancy they can't get well unless they leave Shanghai. I think that is a mistake. One should never imagine himself ill. I have enjoyed very good health, thank God, since I came to China. In fact, since I first went to Woolwich, I have only been once on the sick list, and that against my will, for a week.

There are very few people here now. Almost all the ladies are away, and probably every one of them would be, only for the unsettled state of Japan. . . . Two ladies died this year from the climate. They were in very bad quarters in the Chinese city. One lady actually got cholera from the impure air caused by the dead bodies left unburied in the place. The Chinamen have had the plague. It is a black spot which comes under the arm, and soon proves fatal. One doctor told me he saw forty dead Chinamen in one morning alongside the public road. I never go out on the road without seeing some.

This is a dismal letter, but I have nothing pleasant to tell you. Perhaps it will interest you to hear that I have given up smoking. I am afraid I shall be tempted to begin again, under C.'s auspices, when I go home.

CHAPTER VII.

1863.

TAKU FORTS. YOKOHAMA.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

P. J. BAILEY.

IN the middle of September, 1863, Lieutenant Lyster was sent up to the Taku Forts by the General; he writes on the 16th to his sister E.:—

SHANGHAI.

I am going to Taku to-morrow on duty. I am delighted to go, as I have not been well here lately, and I think the trip will make me all right. This is a curious climate; although it is now cool and pleasant, there is a great deal of sickness, principally dysentery.

When you speak of the pleasant party you have at home, the fine weather, and the pretty garden, I

feel desperately sad amid the stenches and mud of this place. The General has been most kind to me; he is sending me to Taku at my own request.

About this time one of his brothers, who was thinking of emigrating, had written to ask him if it would be possible to get employment either in the Chinese force or in a Government office at Shanghai. He says, referring to this subject, in a letter to his mother:—

I have not time to answer B.'s letter this mail, but tell him I would most strongly recommend him not to go to Australia, or to come here. I should not like to see a brother in Gordon's force except as second in command. There are no sinecures or Government appointments here. . . . Do prevail on him to give up the idea of emigrating. I shall be glad to relinquish to him all claim to any portion I may expect in the future if he consents to remain at home. You may think this Quixotic nonsense, but I pledge you my honour, I would rather do it than see him go abroad *except to a certain appointment.* . . .

The next time I write I shall be able to tell you about the north of China. Have you read "Travels in the Mantchu Territory" by George Fleming? He was a great friend of mine.

Write and tell me what you would like me to send you home. I am richer than I ever was before. If

you were poor I could send you more than enough to support you. . . .

He embarked on the 17th of September on board the *Manilla* for Taku, but the boiler springing a leak during the night, the steamer had to put back for a few days. The next day he was obliged to go on the sick list with an attack of dysentery, but was so far recovered on the 22nd as to be able to start in the *Manilla* when she again left Shanghai for Taku.

In the three following letters he gives an account of his travels in the north of China:—

SOUTH FORT, TAKU,

October 10, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—When I last wrote to you I was on the eve of leaving Shanghai for this place. We had a very pleasant passage and extremely fine weather all the time. We arrived at Chefoo on the fourth day; it is a beautiful port, just like England, hilly, and well-cultivated, producing grain, peas, beans, &c. It was indeed a refreshing sight to the eyes after the mud of Shanghai. There are very few foreigners at Chefoo; we were hospitably received by the Consul. I should very much like to be stationed there; the climate is splendid, and there is any

amount of game in the country round; hares, pheasants, and wild duck abound. They can be had in the market for almost nothing.

Trade is not nearly so extensive there as at Shanghai; the exports are chiefly silk, oil, and grain. Provisions are extremely cheap. Eight fowls can be purchased for a dollar; beef and mutton in proportion.

The Taku Forts are situated at the mouth of the river Peiho in the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. The Peiho is navigable up to Tientsin, which is thirty-six miles from Peiho, but seventy by the river—it is so winding. Tientsin is the Port of Pekin, which is eighty miles from it. There were originally five forts at Taku, but only two remain—one on the north, the other on the south side of the river. The French occupy the north side and we the south. This is the fort which Admiral Hope attacked, but unsuccessfully. The country, as far as the eye can reach, is a mud flat, without vegetation of any kind. There is a village two miles distant in which the houses are all built of mud. Mud, mud everywhere. There are 150 men in this fort; they live in mud huts of the most primitive kind, with windows of calico papered over in winter. These huts look very ugly and uncomfortable, but they are not unpleasant to live in.

The troops here enjoy capital health; it is a delicious climate compared to that of Shanghai. The weather now resembles an English summer. At the end of next month the whole place will be

ice-bound. The river freezes so that you can skate up to Tientsin. The thermometer goes down to 10° below zero. The troops wear coats lined with fur, and they say that the winter season is the best part of the year.

I went up to Tientsin the other day with two other fellows. We travelled in carts drawn by two mules, the driver sitting on the shafts at one side, and we on the other. I shall never forget the jolting I got—my bones ache to this day! The carts sometimes turned over, and then we had to jump off in a twinkling. There are no roads, only a mere track, and we took eleven hours to get to Tientsin, a distance of thirty-six miles. You may be sure we didn't return in one of these vehicles. We travelled in a much pleasanter and more comfortable way—by boat. We stayed at a Chinese inn; but of course we had to bring our own beds, knives, and forks, &c. We breakfasted and dined with the Consul, who is a very nice fellow; he was wounded by rebels some time ago.

Tientsin is a much cleaner town than Shanghai; the streets broader, and the shops better. There are any amount of skins and furs for sale; you can buy tiger, fox, sable—in fact, any kind there. Jewellery is very cheap; silver rings, &c., are sold by weight, and you pay scarcely anything for the workmanship. We stayed there two days. The General, who has been up to Pekin, is expected here to-day; he is going down to Shanghai in the steamer with me. If he allows me, I shall remain behind, as

I want to see Pekin and the "Great Wall." I shall wait till I have seen him to finish this letter, and let you know the result.

P.S.—The General has just come and given me leave to go to Pekin.

TO THE SAME.

TAKU FORT, *November* 10, 1863.

I arrived here a week ago from a tour to Pekin, and thence to the "Great Wall;" in fact, I travelled out of China, and put my foot into Mantchuria. I enjoyed this trip very much, although we had to rough it a little. We rode on ponies, carrying our beds and provisions in Chinese carts; we rode on an average thirty-six miles a day. The ponies are most wonderful little animals for endurance, and require no looking after whatever. You can buy them much cheaper here than in Shanghai; I paid £7 for mine at Tientsin, and up at the "Great Wall" you can get one for £2. Sheep and cattle are also very cheap there; the former can be purchased for one dollar each, and a fat bullock for four or five dollars. The beef is not so good as English beef, but the mutton is capital. Our bread was baked flour and water. We used to have tremendous appetites, eating about 3 lbs. of mutton each *per diem*.

The country north of Pekin for the first sixty miles is a well-cultivated plain; there are no roads, merely cart-tracks through the fields (exactly like the cart-tracks on a headland of a field at home). We travelled in a north-east direction, and as we went

on the country became more hilly, with patches of cultivated land and grass. The inhabitants are poor as far as money is concerned, but they are very well clad, and apparently well fed also. There is nothing like the poverty one sees in the south and west of Ireland.

There are inns along the road, but they are not comfortable for Europeans to lodge in. They are all alike—a courtyard with sheds on either side for the mules and ponies, the kitchen and landlord's dwelling at one end, and travellers' quarters at the other. The rooms are small and half filled by a brick bed, hollow inside, called a *kong*. In cold weather they put a fire inside, so that they sleep on a sort of oven. We did not try this, but other travellers who have done so say that the heat is intolerable.

The people earn their livelihood by rearing cattle and sheep—they keep enormous herds of them, and also of ponies—and cultivating small patches of ground. In the winter season they all wear clothing made of skins, and, as provisions are very cheap, they are never in want of food. It will give you an idea of the cheapness of living there when I tell you that we three paid at the inns for a dinner, or breakfast of bread and meat for ourselves and two servants, corn and straw for three ponies, and a night's accommodation for all—*the sum of one dollar!* Sometimes we had fowls and eggs in addition.

We arrived at Hoo-pe-ku, the extreme point of our journey, on October 23rd. It is a large town most beautifully situated in a valley through which

a river runs. We stayed there a day and a half, and had most splendid walks up the hills. The weather was glorious—cool and bracing, with bright sunshine.

The "Great Wall" is over 2,000 years old, and is an immense work. The base is formed of enormous blocks of conglomerate stone and granite; the top is of brick and mortar. These bricks are of a better description than those now made at Shanghai. So much for progress in China!

The height of the wall is eighteen feet. It is twelve feet thick at the base, and from six to eight feet at the top, flanked by towers; but it is not of uniform size, being larger in some places and smaller in others. It is built on the top of inaccessible mountains, and at the passes its thickness is doubled or even trebled.

I saw our Minister, Sir Frederick Bruce, at Pekin. He is a splendid-looking man. He was very civil to me, and we had a long talk, principally about politics. He does not like the Chinese; he says their hatred to foreigners is as great as ever; he also dislikes English officers taking service under them. Major Gordon is still at Souchow; he wants to get the assistance of Sherard Osborn before he attacks it. Sherard Osborn is still at Pekin trying to arrange his affairs with the Emperor. The Emperor wants to put him under the command of the Governors of Provinces, but Sherard Osborn and Mr. Lay will not agree to this.

The Chinese system of government is very curious. I am only beginning to understand it now. The

present Emperor is a child; his mother is his guardian, but his uncle, the Prince of Kung, is the Regent. The provinces have each a governor (chosen by the Emperor), who is responsible for everything in his province, and no one can interfere with him except the Emperor, who can cut off his head, but cannot compel him to follow any particular line of action. For instance, Prince Kung wanted to have Burgevine reinstated in command of the Ward force, but the Governor or Fontai at Shanghai refused to do so. The Prince may have his head off, but can do nothing else.

The taxes of each province are paid to its governor, who keeps up his own army, and is quite indifferent as to what happens in other provinces; so that, if the rebels find one too hot for them, they can move into another.

The policy of Prince Kung seems to be to have as little as possible to do with foreigners; he also tries to pit one foreign nation against another. This latter policy Sir Frederick Bruce tries to counteract by consulting with the other ministers (French and American) when he is about to promulgate any order, &c. All the Chinese merchants who come in contact with us of course are friendly with us, but the Mandarins are hostile.

I am, thank God, in good health again. I had dysentery before I left Shanghai, and some attacks of fever and ague since. I am beginning to think China not such a very healthy place, and to believe in my own mortality.

ON BOARD H.M.S. *Manilla, November* 24, 1863.

We have been at sea ten days already, and expect to get to Shanghai to-morrow. We should have been there long ago, but the weather was very bad, and we had to wait. We have had a splendid passage; it is growing warmer every day; the first few days were frightfully cold. Thermometer 30°; now it is up to 60°.

TO HIS BROTHER P.

TAKU FORT, *November* 10, 1863.

I have been absent from Shanghai for nearly two months. I came up here partly on sick leave and partly on duty, intending to remain only ten days, but I met the General, who was on his way from Pekin, and he kindly offered me leave to go up north. I went with two other fellows to Pekin, and from there on to the "Great Wall," and Mantchuria.

Pekin is a very large city: it is enclosed by an immense wall twenty miles round. It has a great many palaces and temples, but the other buildings are mean Chinese houses. I rode out to the palace of *Ewen-ming-ewen*, which, before it was destroyed by us, must have been a beautiful building: it is about ten miles from Pekin. I met Sir Frederick Bruce and some of the members of the Legation at Pekin. The former had just returned from a shooting expedition into Mongolia. There is very good shooting to be had there—deer and birds of many kinds. . . .

I am anxious to get back to Shanghai to have

some shooting and to escape the cold here, which is not pleasant as I have only light clothes with me. The huts are even more airy than those at the Curragh. . . .

Gordon is still before Souchow; he is waiting for help from Sherard Osborn before he atacks Burgevine. A good many of his followers who had joined the Taipings have come back to Shanghai and been pardoned. The rebels did not treat them well. . . .

I envy you when you tell me of the pleasant times you had at home. I wish I could drop in, if only for one evening. . . .

Since I came to China I have seen no society I may say—it has been all rough work. Taku is the wildest place you can imagine. The forts are constructed of mud: the huts in which we live are mud—an Irish mud cabin would be luxurious compared to them.

ON PASSAGE TO SHANGHAI, *November* 23.

We expect to arrive at Shanghai to-morrow.

The latest news is, that the whole of Sherard Osborn's force is going home again. The Chinese Government wanted to place a Chinese admiral over him, and to put him under the orders of the Fontai at Shanghai, which he objected to—so all his ships are returning.

The Chinese have paid them up to the end of September next. Gordon has given up the command of Ward's force, so now the rebels will be again in the ascendant.

To his Sister B.

On Passage to Shanghai, *November* 24, 1863.

Major Gordon has resigned command of the drilled Chinese. This Sir F. Bruce asked him to do. Sir Frederick is not inclined to give the Chinese Government any more assistance, as he thinks they do not appreciate it. Captain Sherard Osborn's splendid naval force is going home again, as he could not come to terms with the Chinese; so I expect that the end of the rebellion is as far off as ever, and we shall have to remain at Shanghai to protect its inhabitants.

Pekin is a very dirty place: the city consists of either palaces or very mean houses. There is the Imperial Palace, the Temple of Heaven, and the Temple of Agriculture. The Emperor lives in the former, and no foreigner has ever been allowed into it. I have seen the two latter. The Temple of Heaven is a splendid building, but senseless. The Temple of the Earth is outside the city. I saw the palace of *Ewen-ming-ewen* which we destroyed; it is ten miles from Pekin and the most beautiful of all; it has not been restored in any way. There was an immense amount of property destroyed besides what was looted. I never saw a demolition so complete—it does credit to the British soldier!

Pekin is divided into two cities—the Tartar and the Chinese. The wall, which is about twenty miles round, is about 40 feet thick and from 38 to 40 feet high; in some places it is 60 feet thick, but it is not all stone, only faced and the inside is earth. There

seems to be very little trade in Pekin, and the Chinese there are poor and badly clad. The streets of Shanghai are much finer, and the people infinitely wealthier.

I long to be at home when you talk of your excursions and parties. No matter how much of the world they have seen, all come to the same conclusion, namely, that home is the best place of all. A common and favourite toast out here is "England, Home, and Beauty." In two or three years (D.V.) I shall be back with you again.

Canton is the best town in China to make purchases in for ladies. When you are writing, tell me what you *do like* and what you *don't*, so that it may be a guide to me when I am buying for you.

To his Brother C.

Shanghai, *December* 7, 1863.

The latest news in Shanghai is of the taking of Souchow by Major Gordon's force. This town was the greatest stronghold of the Taipings, and is the strategical key to Shanghai. It was taken without much loss, as the rebel chiefs had a dissension amongst themselves; they beheaded their king and then handed over the town. It would have soon fallen under any circumstances, as Major Gordon had it invested on all sides. Every one here is delighted at his success. He is a splendid fellow; his conduct since he took the command has been

most magnanimous, and cannot fail to show the natives what an honourable English officer is. He refused all rewards and extra pay, and in a pecuniary point of view he has not at all benefited by his command.

I have had a very interesting trip to the north of China, and have seen places that few Englishmen have ever visited. If the Government sends any troops to Japan, my Colonel has promised me that I shall be the first Engineer to go over. I don't think we shall have a war at present, the Japanese Government having in every respect acceded to our demands. I have plenty of work here, as the General wishes that the country should be surveyed as fast as the rebels are driven out.

To his Mother.

Shanghai, *December* 20, 1863.

There are many events occurring here, most of which you see mentioned in the papers, of course. You will have heard before this that Major Gordon has taken Souchow, and only for the treachery of the Fontai, who murdered the kings of Souchow after they had surrendered, he would by this time have taken Nankin and put an end to the Taiping rebellion, which has lasted over ten years. The Ching Wang, or King of Nankin, is, we hear, willing to come over to the Imperialists, but dare not do so, and now that the Fontai has behaved so treacherously to the kings of Souchow, there is

no chance of Nankin coming over. At present Major Gordon has refused to fight for the Fontai, and has separated from him. It is a mistake about General Brown's refusing Gordon ammunition. He went as far as he could go in the way of helping him, for he lent him officers and sent men out to support him. It was this that caused Burgevine's party to surrender.

People at home have little idea of all that is going on here and all the difficulties to be met with.

My company leaves to-morrow for Hong Kong, and move on from there to England. I might have gone with them, but want to see the end of affairs here. If there was not plenty of work here the place would be unbearable. It is now very cold, but healthy. We are working hard to improve the quarters of the soldiers before next summer. I shall soon be going out to look for an island for a sanatorium.

I hope you will all have a very happy Christmas. I expect to have a pleasant one also, as I am going up to spend it at Quinsan with Major Gordon, whom I have not seen for a long time.

He left Shanghai on the 22nd of December, but did not reach Quinsan until Christmas Day. He notes in his diary :—

December 25th, Christmas Day.—Arrived at Quinsan. Review of Artillery. Dined with Gordon.

He returned a few days later to Shanghai. On the 6th of January, 1864, he writes to his brother :—

I had a very pleasant Christmas up at Quinsan with Gordon. We had splendid shooting; with some other fellows we bagged fifty brace of pheasants and teal; I got six and a half brace of pheasants and one teal one day.

I have bought a boat, and will have more shooting if possible. At present I am under orders to go to Souchow to survey when another officer, Major Edwards, comes up.

There is not much news here. Gordon, since he has taken Souchow, has been holding command of the disciplined Chinese at Quinsan, but has refused allegiance to the Chinese authorities. When Souchow surrendered, the kings and inhabitants were promised their lives by the Fontai through Gordon. The Fontai broke his word, and since then Gordon has held command of the force, but won't acknowledge the Fontai. Meanwhile the whole matter has been referred to Pekin, where of course it will be decided in the Fontai's favour. Then comes the rub—will Gordon give up the command? and if so, what will become of the force? They will never disband quietly; they are too strong for that. They will either continue under the Chinese with a new commander, or join the rebels. If they decide on the former, they will

in a short time have a rupture on account of payment, &c., and may set up on their own account. It is impossible to foresee what may occur in China this year. The present Government is very weak and cannot last long. If Gordon liked, he could dethrone the Emperor and start a new dynasty, if foreign powers did not interfere.

A few days later he received sudden orders to proceed to Japan on temporary duty. He left Shanghai on the 16th of January in the *Vulcan*, and arrived at Yokohama on the 22nd. He writes :—

YOKOHAMA, *February* 1, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I am very busy now and have scarcely time to write you anything, but as in duty bound I must send you a letter every mail. I have been here a week, and like the place very much ; the climate is charming—dry, frosty weather. There are troops of all nations here : French, Dutch, Prussians, and others. There are thirteen English men-of-war, one Prussian, and one Dutch, in the harbour. I went up to Yeddo last week ; we were the first foreigners there for six months, except the Prussian minister, who went there the other day to have the treaty signed. We walked about with a strong guard of Japanese and sailors.

I like the Japanese; they are superior to the Chinese in every way. They have several steamers,

which they work without a single European. They want to buy a man-of-war from us.

There have been no assassinations here lately; the last was of a French officer who used to ride out by himself; he was met by three men about three miles from here, who cut him to pieces with their swords. They are very cowardly and treacherous in their attacks on foreigners.

The country about Yeddo is most beautiful. I wish I could describe it to you. I am getting some photographs of the place to send you. I was in the British Legation where the sentries were assassinated, and saw the marks of the sword-cuts in the passages. Sir Rutherford Alcock is expected daily. We do not know what will be done till he arrives.

I shall return to Shanghai in about a month, if nothing occurs to keep me here.

Burgevine is here recruiting his health.

To his Sister B.

Yokohama, *February* 10, 1864.

I have now more time to spare than I have had for a long time, owing to the Japanese New Year. The holidays commenced yesterday, and will last for two or three days longer. During this festival the Japanese give themselves up altogether to amusement, and it is almost impossible to get any of them to work. The women and children dress in their best clothes, and amuse themselves by playing

battledore and shuttlecock, and flying kites. The men indulge in eating and drinking. That they carry the latter to excess is evidenced by the staggering gait of every second man one meets in the streets. The two-sworded gentlemen are inclined to be quarrelsome in their cups, so we are careful to avoid them. Indeed, a good many of them go about without their swords at this season, to avoid the danger of falling on them. At all other times they adhere most religiously to their weapons. I like the Japanese very much for many reasons. They are more energetic and less conceited than the Chinese. They are also much more refined in their habits, and they readily adopt any European improvement, which gives them a great advantage over their neighbours.

I have made some trips into the country round here. It is the most beautiful I have ever seen. Hills and rich valleys well-wooded, and the latter cultivated like gardens. The hills are in some places planted, in others left to nature.

I went for a ride of twelve miles the other day to a village called Kanasawa, and then walked from there six miles to Kamakura and Dyboots. It was a most delightful trip. We started early in the morning, when it was very cold and the roads hard with frost; but it soon got so warm that we were obliged, when walking, to take off our coats. Kamakura was the ancient capital of Japan: it is now a small village, but most beautiful. It being the New Year, every house was decorated, having

a bamboo-tree and pine in front, and an orange, lobster, and piece of charcoal over the door. I believe these represent fruit, fish, and fire. The Japanese are Buddhists. They live on fruit, fish, and vegetables, never eating meat. There were a great number of temples, but they are not as fine as the Chinese. There are no fine buildings in Japan, owing to the prevalence of earthquakes, which occur every month in the year. At Dyboots we saw an immense copper image, about forty feet high and thirty round the base. I believe it was a representation of Buddha. The thumb measured two feet round.

I saw the place where a French officer was killed some months ago. There seems to be a mystery about his death. He was out riding unarmed and alone, and it is reported that he met three men, who said, "*Ohio?*" ("How do you do?") He returned their salutation, and when they passed him they at once attacked him from behind with their swords, cutting his body to pieces.

The country all round is full of camellia and other beautiful shrubs. I have been to several nurseries. The Japanese are splendid gardeners, and take the greatest care of their plants. They are very fond of dwarf trees. You see little apple, pear, and cherry-trees in flower-pots, laden with blossoms, and miniature pines and many other tiny trees, the names of which I do not know. I only wish I could bring some to Cascade. I feel quite sorry I am not going home direct from here. If I were, I could

enrich you all with a collection of rare shrubs and *curios*. . . .

I don't expect to go back to China for a month. I shall hate it after Japan. The weather here now is glorious—a slight frost at night, and dry, sunshiny days. I have been buying a few cabinets, &c., which I wish I had a chance of sending you. I am afraid to talk about bringing you things home, it is so long to look forward to! The two things I try never to think about are—my going home, and my promotion. There are very few ladies here. Yokohama is not nearly so large as Shanghai, and living here is like vegetating in the country. Oh, Shanghai, I am beginning to hate thee! It is no wonder, as I was never ill till I went there. The small-pox is prevalent here; some naval men and our soldiers are laid up with it, but it is hoped it will soon die out. We have a good many soldiers here now, English, French, Prussian, and Dutch. There are only a small number of each nationality, merely to act as guards to their respective Legations. If you are interested in Japan, read "Fortune's Visits to Japan and China." I have been over nearly the same ground, and cannot give you an account like his; he will tell you all about the flowers. I am going to make a small memorandum of the resources of the country, which will be useful if we have to fight the Japanese.

I have my little Taiping boy still; he has grown fat and strong in my service; he is as good as ever, and is universally admired. . . . General Burgevine

is here. I dined with him lately; he has been very ill.

When you write tell me every scrap of news; I have not heard from home for ages. I expect they have kept my letters in China. . . .

A few days later he writes to his mother:—

YOKOHAMA, *February* 13, 1864.

I am enjoying this trip to Japan so much. I am rather uncomfortably lodged, but the weather is so fine and the country so beautiful, *that* is a minor evil.

I went for a long ride yesterday along the *Tokaido*, or great high road; we went to the limits of the boundary line, outside which foreigners are not allowed to pass, about twelve miles, and returned by a different route. The *Tokaido* is a finer road than any you have at home, and as there are no wheeled vehicles it is easily kept in repair. The country through which we rode was hilly, the valleys richly cultivated, and villages bordering the *Tokaido* all the way. The country houses are thatched; they look like pretty English cottages. This being New Year all the houses were decorated with pines, bamboos, &c. You can imagine how picturesque the villages looked, with every house ornamented in this fashion.

We did not meet any riotous people, though many of them were evidently under the influence of *saki*.

We passed the spot where Mr. Richardson was killed. This place is very quiet now, with the exception of some rows amongst the natives; they frequently kill each other. I am happy to say our men behave well, and although a great number of sailors are allowed on shore, there has been no row yet between them and the inhabitants.

You would be delighted with the Japanese gardens; the gardeners here are splendid, and take the greatest pains to rear and train shrubs. There are numbers of camellias growing wild in the country—white and red—also beautiful pines, junipers, azaleas, laurels, camphor trees, taxus, and many other kinds of ornamental trees. What struck me most were the dwarf trees: you see tiny camellia, pear, and apple trees growing in flower-pots, perfect little trees, covered with blossoms, and numbers of little orange trees bearing fruit. . . . One can get any amount of pretty birds here, canaries, love-birds, golden pheasants, and such bantams! I should like to take a ship-load of things home. I have now got more cabinets, boxes, &c., than I can well carry, and whenever I go into the Japanese town am sorely tempted to buy more.

When out riding yesterday we saw numbers of wild geese, duck, teal, and pigeons feeding close to the road, and not in the least afraid of us. If the British subaltern once got amongst them with his gun he would soon strike terror into them! It seems hard that the peace and harmony of this beautiful country should be disturbed by foreigners.

I don't wonder at the Japanese finding it difficult to fraternize with us.

You can get most English fruits and vegetables here as well as tropical fruits. Everything seems to thrive in this wonderful country.

I would much prefer remaining here to going back to China, but can hardly expect such luck unless something turns up. I think this is the best foreign station in the world, for after all the great thing to be desired is a good climate; and undoubtedly China is the worst in the world—the extremes of heat and cold are so great, and they are particularly trying when one is obliged to expose himself to them, as the poor soldier must do. . . .

TO THE SAME.

YOKOHAMA (undated).

You see I am still in Japan, but, I am sorry to say, only owing to chance; the steamer *Vulcan* being delayed on account of small-pox having broken out on board. I have already received orders to hasten back to Shanghai, and immediately on my return I am going up to Major Gordon on a surveying expedition.

Sir Rutherford Alcock is daily expected here; Captain Wray, R.E., is coming with him to be employed here, so any chance I had of remaining is, alas! flown. However, I can't grumble, and I feel very thankful to the General for sending me over twice. . . .

I was delighted to hear that you were all well. Good news from home is the best medicine out here. You may be sure we never forget you: the invariable toast is "Absent Friends," with the addition sometimes of "Sweethearts and Wives;" these cannot offend any nationality. Of course, our good Queen is always the first toast at our messes.

I was glad to know that you were all pleased with the few presents I sent last. Tastes are so varied, I had great doubts in choosing some of the things. . . . I have sent thirty different kinds of flower seeds; I could only learn their Japanese names, and consequently many of them may be common. I am now getting the flower of each painted, and will send them when finished; they are to be planted in spring. I wish you would tell me what kind of things you would like, as I don't like to send presents indiscriminately lest you should think me extravagant. . . . I am now *beginning* to think of going home!

CHAPTER VIII.

1864.

RETURN TO SHANGHAI.

"The spirit culls
Unfaded amaranth, when wild it strays
Through the old garden-ground of boyish days."
KEATS.

ON BOARD H.M.S. *Vulcan*,

March 18, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—You see I have left Yokohama at last, and am now on my way to Shanghai. It is a little rough to-day, as you may see by my writing. . . . I think I told you they had sent a Captain of Royal Engineers out from England to take the command at Yokohama, so there is no chance of my going over again, unless there are extended operations. This is rather sad!

Yesterday we saw the last of Fusigama, the beautiful mountain. It is over 14,000 feet high, and rises up to the heavens. You can see the snow-capped top above the clouds long after you lose sight of the adjoining land. The Japanese

are wild about it; they have it represented in nearly all their pictures, and make pilgrimages to it. Sir Rutherford Alcock's party are, I think, the only Europeans who have been there—at any rate for a great number of years. I felt very sorry at leaving Japan for many reasons; the climate is so good, and the country round Yokohama is so beautiful. It is a very enjoyable place too. There is a capital club called "The United Service Club," to which all the Naval, Military, and Diplomatic Service men belong; it has been established only six months, and is wonderfully successful. For living at it, one is only charged thirty dollars a month, while at Shanghai one has to pay sixty dollars, and the living is not so good. Then, by a curious system of exchange, I received in Japan £12 *per mensem* more than in China, which was not to be despised. The Japanese are not so straightforward in their dealings with foreigners as the Chinese are, but they may improve in this way when they know us better. The Japanese Government do not allow a single thing to come into the settlement without first going through their hands; so trade is greatly cramped at present. They say they only allowed foreigners into the country as an experiment, and as it has failed they want us to leave. This is all very well, but it comes too late. Yokohama is hemmed in by Japanese Government guards; you cannot leave the settlement without passing three or four guards. The town is situated in a valley shaped like a horse-shoe, with the heel

on the sea; the shoe part is a range of hills from eighty to ninety feet high. The back of the settlement is an impassable swamp which runs back to the toe of the shoe—so that the only outlets are over and by the base of the hills, which are strictly guarded.

This ship—the *Vulcan*—is going home direct. There was great cheering when we left Yokohama. It sounded like mockery to me; however, I hope my turn to rejoice will come yet. I have had a deal of knocking about since I came to China. What with one month in Sung Kiang, several weeks up the country, two months in Taku and Pekin, and three months in Japan, I have managed to escape from Shanghai pretty well. . . .

It would be delightful to find you all at home just the same as when I left. . . . The green spots in my life are the leaves spent at home since I entered the service. The school vacations were very pleasant, but not so good as the others.

The sea is beginning to roll heavily, and the water is coming into my cabin, so it is extremely difficult to write; I shall finish this when I get to Shanghai. To-morrow we pass through Van Diemen's Straits—look at it on the map and think of me!

March 24th.

We have had very rough weather, but now I am safe at Shanghai. . . . The Colonel says I can go down to Hong-Kong when I finish a survey of the country about Souchow. This I mean to do

very soon. Major Gordon is hundreds of miles up the country now. . . ." I send you a photograph—"The Landing of the British Troops in Japan." The tall individual with the long nose, marching at the head of the troops, is *me !*

To his Brother P.

On board H.M.S. *Vulcan,*

March 19, 1864.

I have only just remembered that two days ago was St. Patrick's Day, which will give you some idea of the state of *degeneration* we come to here! . . . It seems to me seven years since I saw you last, I have been knocking about so much from one place to another. I often envy you fellows who live at home at ease; I have now learned enough to know that there is no place like it, however good. China is a dirty hole for a soldier, and I am getting quite tired of it, since there is so little to do there in the way of fighting. . . .

You will have heard, ere this, the state of our relations with Japan. The Prince of Satsuma paid up the money, and apologized. The Prince of Nagato has closed the Inland Sea, and fired on the French, American, and Dutch ships. We have not sent a ship through the sea since it was closed. Sir R. Alcock, I believe, is going down with the fleet, when the six hundred Marines who are coming have arrived. If the fleet succeed, it will be all well

and good; if they don't, they may order over a lot of us. I think there will be a general rupture with Japan sooner or later. The Japanese are busy casting guns and making batteries in every conceivable place, and as soon as they are ready will try to get rid of us. The state of Japan now is exactly like what England was in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. There are only two classes, the Daimios and their retainers, and the trading class; merchants and peasants are all one class, being unprivileged — the privilege being to go about armed. These two-sworded men are very bumptious; it would do them a deal of good to get a lesson. I have no doubt that it would be easy to bring about a revolt; the unprivileged class is greatly bullied and ground down, and if trade was developed, and the merchants became rich and numerous, they would no doubt in time assert their rights. This will not come in my time.

When I return to Shanghai, I go up to Gordon at Souchow to survey. I am getting tired of Shanghai, and have applied to go to Hong-Kong. There were plenty of troops, and something going on when I went there first, but it is different now. I cannot say if I shall be allowed home when my three years expire—everything is so uncertain here. . . .

To his Sister E.

I am indeed grieved to hear of the deaths of so many friends. I shall miss them very much when

I go home. Poor Mr. Mease more than any. When I think of you and of past times, he is always associated with those memories. . . .

I have little of interest to tell you. . . . We have a new Consul—Sir Harry Parkes; he is, I think, the man for Shanghai. My Colonel is up here from Hong-Kong; he says I may go down there, if the General does not object to my leaving Shanghai. When it comes to the point, I shall feel some regret at parting from my acquaintances here. I know a great many of the people, and like some very much indeed. You will think it strange that I have got only one lady-friend, and she is going home next May. She is a Mrs. Thorburn. They (the Thorburns) have been most kind to me. I have known them for a year, and spend almost every Sunday with them when I am here. Mrs. Cunningham, an American lady I had a great esteem for, has gone home with her family. If ever I go to America I must see them. Mr. Cunningham was the most eminent merchant here.

The Volunteers here got up amateur theatricals last night; they were the best I have ever seen. Major Gordon is still fighting rebels; he was wounded the other day, but fortunately it is not a bad wound. I hope he will get through it all safely; he is too good to be expended for Chinamen. He is a splendid fellow, and is my *beau idéal* of a soldier. . . . I should not wonder if most of the troops were moved from here, as the rebels are driven so far back they are not wanted. You re-

member the house-wife you made for me—my little Chinese boy lost it. I was sorry for it, and threatened the boy to mulct him in his pay if he didn't produce it, but it was no use. He said, "Some one have *makey heilong* it" (which means *steal* it), when he was sewing on a button. I don't care to buy another, as it would not take the place of the lost one. I hate to lose anything that is given to me. . . . I get up early (six o'clock) every morning to see the horses training. This necessitates going to bed in good time. My old pony is lame, but will soon be himself again. He belonged to Major Gordon, and was the best in Shanghai. I hope you go in for riding as much as ever. . . . It is now very late, and I must go to bed, and finish another time. So good-night. . . .

To his Mother.

Shanghai, *April* 6, 1864.

The weather is beginning to get very unpleasant now—wet, foggy, and warm. The grass is growing up rankly (it springs up in a week), and there is a heavy, damp weight in the air. The frogs are beginning to croak, and now and then you hear the buzz of crickets and mosquitoes. The old "dismal swamp" feeling is coming back again. I shall never forget last summer—the stillness and murkiness of the atmosphere, the croaking of frogs, the stinging of mosquitoes, the noise of bats whirling through the rooms, big beetles flying about, and

the stench of dead Chinamen poisoning the air. Oh, it was horrible! Our Colonel has told me that I may go to Hong-Kong, but that the General will have to be consulted first. I don't think he will offer any objection, and then, mother dear, I shall be six hundred miles nearer home! This, I think, is the only advantage Hong-Kong has over Shanghai (Japan has made me a grumbler). . . .

April 8th.

We heard to-day from Major Gordon; he is still laid up with his wound, but he sent some of his officers out the other day. They followed the rebels too far, and got wounded by them; they then fled in dismay, the rebels becoming in turn the pursuers. Seven officers were killed or wounded, and I believe some were taken prisoners. We have not had the detailed account yet.

Major Gordon says the rebels are in myriads, and are going about in all directions devastating the country. They are very poor, and live by plunder. They commit frightful atrocities on the unfortunate villagers; numbers of children were seen with their throats cut; and Major Gordon says he saw a woman with her hands tied behind her back, her breast cut off, and her body ripped up. The people are starving—actually eating grass. Civil war is the worst of all. How thankful we should be that we have been so long spared from it in England through our good government!

I am very glad now that I had nothing to do

with the Chinese force. I don't think I could have remained in it long, though if I once joined I should feel bound to stick to it.

I believe Major Gordon is to be made a Brevet Lieut.-Colonel by next mail. He deserves all that, and far more. He is the finest specimen of a soldier that I have ever seen. I only hope that he will get safe out of this affair.

My little rebel is a big boy now; he is noted for his intelligence and good temper. He has had better offers of pay than I give him, but declines to leave me. I intend taking his photograph if I can borrow a camera, and shall send you a copy.

SHANGHAI, *April 21st.*

I am obliged to write very stupid letters, this place is so dull; but I must write every mail, as I know, dear mother, how uneasy you would be if you did not hear from me. You are always anxious to hear news of myself, but I cannot tell you anything better than that I am well, and getting on all right with everybody. I have been knocked up slightly, but am now, thank God, quite well again. The weather is very nice, and we have very few men sick at present. We have about 1,300 men here now. I think the number will be reduced by this time next year, owing to the progress made by Colonel Gordon's force, as they will not be required here. Sir Frederick Bruce, our Minister at Pekin, is going home in spring. It is likely that Sir Harry Parkes, who is consul here, will succeed him. I like the

latter very much indeed; he is a very young man, extremely clear-headed and business-like, and has great energy, which is just the thing for China. . . .

You are very good for sending me so many papers. I like reading the proceedings of the Archæological Society in Kilkenny, and often wonder if they would care for anything I could give them. I have a fragment of the Great Wall which I would be delighted to give; you might ask Mr. Graves about it. . . .

MY DEAR E——,—Touching the postage stamps, I will send you any number of them. The Chinese have no post-offices, therefore no stamps. They send their letters by couriers, and when they want them to travel fast they stamp them with the figure of a horse galloping, which, by the by, would do little good if the courier was not well paid. I will show you a specimen of this when (D.V.) I go home—a letter written by one of the rebel kings.

I have little to tell you about Shanghai. Colonel Gordon is still fighting his way to Nankin. I send you a paper in which you will see that Gordon's force has had very tough fighting; he has not got more than eighty officers altogether. I expect he will be made a Colonel and C.B. when the fighting is over. He is a splendid fellow, and it would be a sin if anything were to happen to him in the Imperial service; he is thrown away on such rascals. . . .

I am constantly wishing for the time to come when my transportation will cease. Shanghai is a tire-

some place; most of my friends are gone, or going; I feel an old inhabitant already. . . . Do you remember this time two years? Shall we ever have a return of those days? I hope so. Let us live in hope. . . .

TO HIS MOTHER.

SHANGHAI, *May* 19, 1864.

We had two days' amusement here this week in the shape of garrison games and races, which came off very successfully. The races were open to the volunteers, to the English and to the Indian troops. The first-named distinguished themselves very much, winning four prizes in the short races, but in the long races and feats of strength, such as throwing weights, &c., the Englishmen came to the front.

Colonel Gordon has taken a place called Chanchu, which is the last stronghold of the Taiping rebels in this province; they still hold Nankin. I cannot tell if he will still remain in command of his force, or what will eventually become of it. I don't think it will be disbanded altogether. There was great slaughter at Chanchu, but let us not talk about it. . . .

The troops in Shanghai are very comfortably located for the summer, and I trust there will not be so much illness as there has been hitherto. The town is not now so much crowded with Chinese. More men have been ordered over to Japan. I am going up the country two days to make a sketch:

I expect to be away some time, and you may not receive my letters punctually; if so, you need not be alarmed. You must make somebody write to me by every mail, as I feel anxious about you when I don't receive a letter. . . .

In another year I shall be thinking of going home (D.V.) and seeing you all. It does not seem very long since this time two years, when I was with you and enjoying myself so much. . . .

On May 22nd he started on the important survey, to undertake which he had been ordered back from Japan. The following notes from his diary give a slight sketch of this expedition:—

May 22nd.—Left Shanghai at 8 p.m.

23rd.—Arrived at Sungkiangku at 7 a.m., and at Quinsan at 9 p.m. Shot one pheasant and one hare. Ther. 80° in boat.

24th.—Went to top of Quinsan hill with Story and took angles. Dined with Gordon.

25th.—Left N. gate, Quinsan, at 11 a.m., traversed creek towards Chanzu until 6.30 p.m.

26th. — Started from Nu-ka-pan at 4.45 a.m., arrived at Chanzu at 9.30 a.m.; left Chanzu at 2 p.m. Day cloudy and stormy.

27th.—Sketched in creek from Chanzu to within two miles of Fushan. Country well cultivated. Arrived at Fushan at 7.30 a.m.; took angles, and

got back to Chanzu by 12 o'clock. Went on top of Muirhead hill.

28*th.*—Morning too hazy to make any observations. Left Chanzu for Souchow at 8 a.m.

29*th.*—Stopped for Saturday night at Lekin, about six miles from Souchow. This morning very wet and stormy; could not get on until 2 o'clock. Plotting in work. Arrived at Souchow at 3 p.m.

30*th.*—Went to Chanway Palace and shell factory with Macartney; took angles from pagoda, and started for Woosieh at 6 p.m. Arrived at Souchow at 10 p.m. Weather very pleasant.

31*st.* — Left Souchow at 6.40, and arrived at Woosieh about 4 p.m. Went into city and to top of hill. Country badly cultivated. Many dead bodies and beggars about.

June 1*st*, *Wednesday.*—Left Woosieh at 7.30, and arrived at Chanchow at 6 p.m. Passed heaps of dead bodies. Day very hot. Surveyed part of creek to South gate.

2*nd.* — Surveyed Chanchow with Blundell, and intended starting for Leyang, Yesing, Kintang, but met a Mandarin, who told us the people were eating one another there. Started from North gate for Kongzin about 4 p.m. . . .

3*rd.*—Started at 8 a.m., and passed through a very pretty country. Stopped about five miles from Kongzin. Day cloudy and pleasant.

4*th.*—Arrived at Kongzin at 8 a.m. Surveyed city and started for Chanzu. Country very pretty. Halted at 6.30 p.m.

5*th.*—Day fine and a little cloudy. Worked on till 6 p.m. towards Chanzu. Country passed through very pretty, but badly cultivated and thinly inhabited. Saw some oats growing.

6*th.*—Started at 7 a.m., passed through large creeks; got out of boat four miles from Chanzu and came by road at foot of hill through gardens. Weather fine and not warm. Arrived at Chanzu at 4 p.m. Went up hill, but found it too misty for observations.

7*th.*—Started early for Taitsan; got over six miles and obliged to halt all day on account of the rain. Got touch of fever. Very wet all night.

8*th.*—Started at 8 a.m. Weather wet all the way. Halted about eight miles from Taitsan.

9*th.*—Arrived at Taitsan at 11 o'clock; walked from Taitsan to Quinsan. Found all Gordon's force gone—no one there except Thompson. Dined with Thompson, and started for Shanghai at 10 p.m.

10*th.*—Arrived at Sungkiangku at 11 a.m.; got out of boat at Fahoo and walked to Shanghai. Heard cholera had broken out.

CHAPTER IX.

1864.

CHEKIANG. YOKOHAMA.

"His heart had attracted to it all that was noble and graceful in the trade of arms, rejecting all that was repulsive and ferocious."—CARLYLE.

ON his return to Shanghai from the surveying expedition on which he had been three weeks employed, he found Colonel Gordon there. The latter was preparing to start for Nankin to visit the commander of the Imperialist troops then employed in besieging the city, and he invited his friend to accompany him :—

June 11th, Saturday.—Making preparations to start for Chekiang and Nankin with Gordon. Dined with Sir Harry Parkes. Went on board the *Kiang-Loong* at 11 p.m.

13th.—Started at daylight; weather fine and cool. Arrived at Chekiang at 11 o'clock. Dined with Smith. Slept on board hulk.

14*th*, *Tuesday*.—Went to breakfast to Silver Isle, and walked to top of it. Scenery beautiful. Got two boats moved to hulk. *Elfin* arrived about back 6 o'clock; obliged to wait for her to coal. Weather very cool; thermometer 70°.

15*th*.—Moved in the night from hulk to shore, morning being wet. Gordon and I went for a walk to top of hill and city. Dined with Patterson. Went back to *Elfin* at 10 p.m.

The following letter is written on the same date, June 15th:—

CHEKIANG.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I did not write by the last mail, as I had to go up the country, and had no opportunity of sending a letter down. I have been travelling about constantly, only stopping at night. I had any amount of walking, and the weather was fortunately not too hot for exercise; so you may imagine what good it did me. I felt quite like myself again. I was at Souchow and Chanchow. I shall tell you about them another time. The only drawback to my enjoyment of the trip was the number of the dead bodies lying about and the hundreds of poor, starving people one met. The dead were rebels who were killed, and left to rot unburied. I am sure I passed from 300 to 400 in one day. The people are poor, as the country had only just been taken from the rebels, and they don't

allow the country people to till their fields. They were actually eating each other farther up; so I was very glad not to be obliged to go there. I got back to Shanghai on the evening of the 12th, and Colonel Gordon, who was there, told me he was going to Nankin, and asked me to go with him. We started on the 13th, and here we are now on the way thither.

While I was away from Shanghai, cholera broke out there rather badly. Several Europeans and two naval officers died of it. You cannot conceive what a difference there is between the climate of this place and Shanghai. Chekiang is a treaty port on the Yangtze, about forty-five miles below Nankin. There is very little trade here now; there are only about ten foreigners, and they live on board boats—the rebels have been always in such proximity to the place, and once they attacked it. . . .

When I write again I shall (D.V.) be able to tell you something of Nankin. I hope you will get this letter all right. It would cause me much uneasiness if I thought you were anxious. We are now sailing across the Yangtze, and start to-morrow in a steamer belonging to the Chinese Government for Nankin. . . .

DIARY CONTINUED.

June 17th.—We left steamer at 9 p.m., and rode off to Tseng-kwo-fan's brother's camp. Well received. Rode afterwards to the tomb of the Ching Dynasty.

18*th.*—Tseng-kwo-fan's brother came on board *Elphin* to chin-chin. Left in *Confucius* at 4 p.m.; arrived to where *Pluto* was aground at 6 p.m. Could not tow her off.

19*th.*—Got off the *Pluto* and started for Shanghai at 6 a.m. Arrived at Chekiang at 9.30.

A few days after his return to Shanghai he got orders to proceed again to Japan, where he arrived on the 2nd of July. He writes to his mother by the next mail:—

YOKOHAMA, *July* 11, 1864.

It is a pleasure to be able to write from the salubrious climate of Japan once more. I don't think I could have lived more than another year at Shanghai. It has been a wretchedly unhealthy place of late. . . .

I wrote you a letter from Chekiang on the way to Nankin, which I hope you received. I went with Colonel Gordon. We had a very pleasant trip up to Nankin. There were 70,000 Imperialists round the place, and Colonel Gordon was received with great honours. I expect the town will soon fall. The Imperialists have been besieging it for eleven years. Just fancy!

We are likely to have something to do here. The Inland Sea has been closed to all foreign ships for a year. The French, American, and Dutch have been fired on by the Prince of Nagato,

whose territories border on the straits of Limonosaki, a very narrow strait, where the tide runs some five to seven miles an hour. He has got his batteries in very strong positions. We have taken up the gauntlet, and written to the Tycoon's Government to inform them that, if they will not compel Prince Nagato to open the sea, we shall be obliged to interfere, which means doing it ourselves. They have got twenty days to give an answer. We suppose they will leave it to us, and we are prepared to go down and fight him. We have here now twelve men-of-war, one infantry regiment, and 500 Marines. The Dutch have some 500 Marines also. I don't know whether the French will co-operate or not; they have but a small force here. We may have to remain there some time, so don't be anxious if I don't write as punctually as usual. I have got very nice quarters in a wooden cottage with three other officers. You have no idea how pretty it is. The approach is covered with trellis work over which many kinds of flowers and shrubs are trained. At the back there is a kitchen-garden and stable. We are about two hundred yards from the sea, and a quarter of a mile from the country. I like my commanding officer here very much; he is an experienced officer, and one can learn a good deal from him. I am beginning to study Japanese.

The 20th Regiment, which has just arrived, will be stationed on a hill in wooden huts lately put by the Japanese Government at their own expense. They have built these huts in an incredibly short

space of time; all we have to do is to furnish them with plans and to visit the work every day; it is superintended by Japanese officers (*Yaconins*). There is one officer for each special part of the work, viz., building officer, officer over carpenters, officer for road-making, &c. The Japanese are a most systematic people, and much superior in every way to the Chinese. . . .

We have a good many visitors here from Shanghai —several ladies amongst the number; they are delighted with the place. It is not quite so hot here as at Gibraltar. The thermometer was 88° in my room to-day, and is now 82°, which is pretty warm. We get rain now and then, which cools the atmosphere. The only fruits in season now are plums, peaches, and small melons. None of these are as good as the fruit at home. We get many kinds of fish here, and very good beef, but no mutton.

This is a wonderful country for collecting moths, beetles, ferns, &c.; many fellows make fine collections of these things. . . . I wish you would let me know if there is anything you would like, and I shall be only too glad to send it.

The following extracts are from a letter to his brother P., written on the same date as the preceding one:

I tried very hard to get stationed here, and have at last succeeded. You cannot fancy what a great

difference there is between this climate and China. Their is another Engineer officer here, Major Wray, a capital officer; it is a pleasure being under him. My pay is better here than in China, but I expect it will be reduced. I am quite prepared for it, and won't grumble, as £54 *per mensem* is rather too much for a subaltern in a good climate and cheap country.

I was glad indeed to leave Shanghai; the climate was beginning to affect me in many ways. This is a fearful place for mosquitoes; they are eating me as I write; they can bite through stockings or white trousers, and make sitting on a cane-bottomed chair unpleasant!

The 2nd battalion of the 20th Regiment arrived yesterday from Hong Kong; they are to land in a few days. I don't recollect if you met them at the Curragh; they were there for a short time with me; they are a very good regiment. We now have 1,300 men on shore and twelve ships. I think this Japan affair may last longer than we expect; it may lead to a general war; but, as this is a country we know so little about, it is impossible to form an opinion on the subject. If we move to the Inland Sea, it will be in about twenty days' time.

I would rather be stationed here than in any other foreign place in the world, so I must consider myself at last a lucky dog!

His chief reason for wishing to go to Japan was the superiority of its climate over that of

China, which led him to expect that he would enjoy better health there; but his hopes in this respect were not fulfilled:—

TO HIS MOTHER.

YOKOHAMA, *August* 12, 1864.

I received your long letter dated June 1st, a few days since. I was delighted to hear from you. You must write to me as often as you can. If you only knew how much a letter from you raises my spirits and how happy it makes me, I am sure you would.

I have been very ill for the last few days, and am now out of bed for the first time. I had another bad attack of that painful disease, so little known at home, but so well known in the East—dysentery. I have, thank God, got over it, and am now nearly quite well. I had it twice in China, but neither time so badly as this. People here have been very kind indeed: the clergyman's wife (whom I have never seen) sent me some jellies; and the Minister's people (the Alcocks) give me everything I want.

It is expected here that there are "crowns to be broke" soon. Two men-of-war went to the Inland Sea and were fired on. Moreover the Japanese refuse to open it. There is a council of war held here to-day. The officer who was in command here, Major Wray, has been attached to the Admiral, and I have been made Commanding R. E. in Japan. I don't think this will last long, as they will scarcely

leave so young an officer in so important a command for any time. It gives me a great deal of responsibility and hard work, and I can get nothing for it, being a subaltern. . . . However, I will do my best to do right, and will long for the time when I can go home and spend some quiet months at Cascade with you all. It is very warm here, thermometer from 85° to 90° in the shade. It takes a long time for letters to come here, as you may see by the dates. I don't know many of the people here, but there are some nice people whom I hope to know when I get well. Sir Rutherford and Lady Alcock have been most kind to me. . . . I do not expect to go down to the Inland Sea now, as I am placed in command here, and that is entirely a naval affair. We are building wooden huts for the troops: in fact, it is the Japanese Government which is building them—we only furnish the plans. Sir Rutherford Alcock is a very resolute man, and is pursuing a most determined course with the Japanese.

. . . I think it would be a mistake for C—— to go to the medical profession, . . . but my opinion in this matter should not go for much. I only know that to hesitate is to be lost; and no fellow can prosper if he is thinking of one pursuit, and following another. We are all old enough now to know what is good for us; let us all do what we like as far as is right, and do our best to help each other on.

To his Sister E.

YOKOHAMA, *August* 24, 1864.

By the last mail I received your welcome letter, dated June 16th. I am sometimes surprised at the few changes that take place at home, when one sees so much out here. If you told me when I entered Woolwich that in nine years from that time I should be living thirty miles from Yeddo, I should scarcely have believed it.

The Japanese who went over to France returned by last mail, after having made a treaty with the Emperor to the effect that the Inland Sea should be opened three months after their arrival here. So our expedition, with which the French and Americans were morally co-operating, was postponed on the eve of its departure. To-day there was a meeting of all the Ministers and the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs. I believe there is a difficulty in getting the Tycoon to ratify this treaty made with the Emperor, in which case the expedition would soon take place. I shall not be allowed to go, as I have been put in command of the R. E.'s here. I am greatly disappointed at this; I had quite counted on going from the first. I am very busy every day now, and have not had time lately to go through the *curio* shops. I am very happy, as you can imagine. I have a good deal to do with the Japanese officers, and like them very

much. One of them yesterday promised me a fan to send to you: the poor fellow was sick to-day, and I gave him some physic. The Japanese Government is building all the barracks for the troops here. We have a very nice regiment here, the 2nd Battalion 20th Regiment. If we are only left here for one year, I think this will be the nicest garrison in the world; but we cannot tell on any day what may happen the next. This, to my mind, is a very happy state of existence. I am fond of uncertainty. I only hope that I shall be spared to see you all again;—that is such a luxurious thought to dwell on—I am almost afraid to look forward to it. In the meantime you must not forget me: we must always remain close allies.

I have found some difficulty in the matter of Japanese servants. I got one, called Jim Patch, and he ran away, taking with him £4 of mine. It seems he was a deserter from the Japanese service, and they were on the point of finding him out, which accounts for his absconding. The Japanese police are looking after him, and I expect to be repaid. I have now a willing boy whom I am trying to teach—rather a difficult matter, as I only know a little of the language, and he is as ignorant as a young plough-boy of the manners and customs of civilized people.

The weather is now pleasantly cool, and we are all much healthier in consequence. I have first-rate quarters next door to the Legation, within twenty yards of the sea, which is delightful.

TO HIS MOTHER.

YOKOHAMA, *September* 12, 1864.

We are going on steadily here. There is plenty of work for me, as we are building huts for the troops.

There has been no news yet from the Fleet which went down some time ago to the Inland Seas. There have been some diplomatic interchanges going on between our Minister and the Japanese. It is said that the latter wished to recall the Fleet, but I cannot say if this is the case. As far as the land force is concerned, I don't think we shall have anything to do, as the Japanese seem inclined to yield to our wishes on all points. However, it is such a curious country, and its people so little known or understood by us, that I am afraid to hazard any opinion, but am contented to live in a state of uncertainty, and not feel surprise at anything that may happen.

I have a good deal to do with the Japanese officers. I like them very well. . . .

I was rather unwell some time ago, but now, thank God, am in very fair health. The weather has been beautiful for the last few days. We had a typhoon, a tremendous circular storm, which blew the roof off many of the houses, and wrecked some boats in the harbour. The night before the typhoon there was an earthquake that shook our frail houses, but not sufficiently to awaken me. We are getting on very comfortably, and if the Japanese will only let us alone, and not insist on our fighting with them, I

think this will be an extremely nice station. There is not a very large community here, or much trade going on; but there are quite enough people to form a society. I scarcely know any one yet, but will soon make some acquaintances. I have not been into the country at all since I came this time. We have been forbidden to ride on the *Tokaido* (high road) for some time, owing to the number of bad characters about there, and the likelihood of rows in consequence. I hope matters will soon be settled one way or the other. . . . I am naturally anxious to get home, and look forward to the time when my service will be completed as longingly as I used to look forward to vacation when at school. I shall send you the photograph you have asked for so often when the artist comes back to Yokohama: he has gone with the fleet to the Inland Sea to take views. Mr. Wirgman, the correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, has also gone, so you may expect to see a flourish of what has taken place, in the papers. I have got a Japanese teacher, and am learning a little of the language, but I do not study it as attentively as I ought. It is almost as sweet a language as Spanish, and it is very easy to pick up a few words, but very difficult to speak well, there are so many different ways of expressing the same meaning when speaking to men of different ranks. They have two written languages—one like the Chinese, and another quite different, a sort of running hand. Their system of weights and measures is better than ours, being decimal. They are certainly a wonderful people.

The 20th band plays opposite my room every Saturday. Whenever they play, I think of you all at home!

To his Brother P.

September 28th.

The fleet have given the Prince of Nagato a great smashing. They destroyed all his forts, and they took sixty-eight guns from him worth about £10,000. There were but few casualties on our side — not more than forty killed and wounded. The Japanese lost about three hundred men. You will see an account of the whole affair in the newspapers. Two Royal Engineers went down — Major Wray, who was attached to the Admiral, and a lieutenant in charge of some sappers. Wray applied specially for me to be allowed to go, but as I was the senior, the General kept me here. We expected, if any casualty happened to the fleet, to be attacked, but all passed off quietly. If the Japanese had come on us determinedly they would probably have worsted us, as there is no position here to hold on by. I am busily employed superintending the building of huts for the troops, and in consequence have a good deal to do with the Japanese officials. The barometer you sent was not the kind I want, as it is not divided all round, and therefore not suitable for obtaining the heights of mountains over 6,000 feet.

I have been very lucky since I came to the East in being placed in command—in Shanghai for a long time, and now here. I have learned more than I

should in double the time at home. Our pay has been reduced; I lose about £150 per annum, which seems a lot, but it gives me little concern. All the other officials lose a like amount in proportion to their incomes. This change has been made by the paternal Government, though they gain nothing by it. I now receive £480 a year, which is enough to sustain me.

I have not had a letter from home for two mails. This is probably owing to the mismanagement of postal arrangements in Hong-Kong. I shall be glad when my letters are sent direct here. We have a capital United Service Club here. I live quite close to it, and take my meals there. The *table d'hôte* is rather crowded; sixty fellows frequently dine there. I have learned a little Japanese from a teacher. I sent him away the other day, as I had no time to attend to him. He was a lazy beast, and very dense. I have a Japanese boy whose name is *Ki*, which signifies "gold." My former valet, by name Jim Patch, ran away, taking some money with him. I have had my room twice entered and things stolen each time, so I can't say much for the honesty of the Chinese or Japanese. . . .

I have not been very well since I had the last attack of dysentery, and notwithstanding the attractions of this place, I shall be glad when my turn for home comes. The East wears a fellow a good deal, particularly if he gets much knocking about out of doors. I very often see Sir Rutherford Alcock, the Minister. He is a very determined and clever man.

I have sold my little gun and got a heavy shooter, twelve-bore, which I call "No Mistake." I think I shall lock him up here altogether: there are two sportsmen for every pheasant in the country; but if one could only get into the interior, he would have wild boar, bears, and deer.

His being without letters from home for two mails was due to the fact that his friends were ignorant of his move to Japan, and had addressed their letters to China. Alluding to his disappointment, he writes to his sister E.:—

I have been looking out anxiously for a letter from home, not having had one for *two mails!* It is too bad. I wish you would jot down daily occurrences in a diary, and send me a copy every week. It would be a great pleasure to me, and really I would be interested in knowing whether you went for a ride or a drive, played croquet, or had archery, &c. I have grown awfully cross of late—my best friends are getting cool, and say that I cut them. Lady —— says that I am always "between sleeping and waking, like Kathleen Mavourneen." My answer to each and all is: "I have not had letters from home for two mails." Save me from this melancholy; write nonsense—anything, only *write, write, write!*

To his Mother.

Yokohama, *October* 12, 1864.

This day I received your most welcome and long-expected letter, dated July 16th. It was sent up from Hong-Kong in the beginning of last month, but has since been delayed by contrary winds and accidents of sea. The steamer it came in was very near being lost.

You are not a bit more anxious for my going home than I am myself; but unfortunately I do not see any prospect of it unless I get invalided, which I should not like. I will hold on as long as I can, and go home with the conviction of having done a good time of foreign service. Since I had the last attack of dysentery I frequently suffer from its effects, and also from a bad liver. This is all I have to complain of, and I trust I may be able to get all right in the fine weather which we expect to have for the next three months. Small-pox has broken out amongst the troops. To-day we buried Captain Vereker, of the 20th, and the only sergeant of Engineers here died at eleven o'clock to-day. Strange to say, that, although this place is noted for small-pox, the doctors have no vaccine here. . . .

You speak of your fear of my being changed by seeing so much and meeting so many people since I left home. It almost brings tears to my eyes that you should say so. Who is there in the world I care for in comparison to you? and I have often

told you that I have no better interest, or higher wish than to please you. . . . I think a child can never repay his mother for all she has done for him. . . . As for going to India, I should not dream of it until *after* I had been home, and then only after mature consideration. The idea of returning a subaltern after having been so long away, is, I must say, very distressing to me. . . .

I am very sorry indeed that you did not get the seeds. However, I hope to choose better seeds and bulbs, and send or take them myself to you. I hope ere this you have received the brown *crêpe* silk, and have converted it into a nice dress. I should like to see you in it when I go home. I shall soon have occasion for the warm socks and suits you sent me. Everything of European manufacture is enormously dear here—dollars vanish just as shillings would at home. . . .

October 16th.

I have just been on board a ship to see Captain Alexander, Royal Engineers, who was wounded at Limonosaki; he is going home by this mail. He will most probably get a C.B. for his services. Colonel Gordon is also going home soon: he deserves whatever they can give him. . . . Trade has brightened up here since the hostilities in the Inland Sea, and I expect we shall have no more fighting. There have been two cases of assassination since last mail. One was a sergeant of Marines, who was cut down by three Japanese soldiers not six

hundred yards from this house; the other was a soldier who was killed at night in the Japanese town. Both the men were to blame, as I believe the first had ill-treated the soldiers, and the second was in the Japanese town, which is against orders. However, the Japanese have no right to take the law into their own hands; they are horribly jealous of foreigners—that is, the two-sworded men. I do not like the idea of being here to protect a mixed community of American, French, Dutch, &c., as the merchants we protect will sell arms and ammunition to the Japanese. At Shanghai they used to sell to the rebels when we were at war with them. The Japanese soldiers about here are armed with the Enfield rifle of 1863. The Chinese ports are no doubt a source of great revenue to us, but otherwise they are no use. The trade is monopolized by a small number of merchants, who have a large capital, so there has been little encouragement hitherto for strangers to come out. Unfortunately when there was fighting going on at Shanghai, a great number of rowdies and very bad characters came there from California, and other parts of America; they turned their talents to smuggling, piracy, and stealing. Colonel Gordon "expended" a good many of them, and many joined the rebels, and we got rid of them in that way. The American Consuls are all men connected with trade, and have no authority over their countrymen; that is painfully felt out here. It is a pity the Americans do not pay their Consuls, as we and the French do. . . .

CHAPTER X.

1864.

HONG-KONG.

"Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes."
HENRY VI.

HE was still in weak health, never having quite recovered from the effects of his last severe illness, when he was seized with a return in an aggravated form of the same malady. From his diary we learn that he was struck down on the 4th of November, and from that date there is a blank, with the exception of the entry, "On the sick list" occurring two or three times, until the 15th, when he begins the following letter to his mother. The uneven, wavering characters in which the first part is penned show more

plainly than words could, the weakness of the writer.

YOKOHAMA.

I have been laid up on the sick-list lately, and am going down to Hong-Kong, as the doctors do not think I shall get well here. I have never completely recovered from the last attack of dysentery I had, and am now regularly laid up. If I do not get well in Hong-Kong I am to go home; so you may see me sooner than you expected. I go down in a few days. Sir Rutherford Alcock is going home soon, having been recalled; he, however, has done a good deal of work out here. The "peace party" at home is very strong just now. Everything is very quiet here; it is expected the troops will leave in four or five months from this time. I am——

He stops abruptly here, probably too ill to go on. Then on the same page, a fortnight later, in his usual firm hand he writes:—

HONG-KONG, *November* 30, 1864.

I arrived here the day before yesterday. I am, thank God, quite recovered. The sea voyage had a most miraculous effect on me. I began this letter in bed, which accounts for the writing. Colonel Gordon, by a curious coincidence, came down in the same mail-steamer with me on his way

to England; he was wishing that I was going the whole way with him. We have been friends for a long time. I might have been invalided home if I would go, but I don't like the idea of going home on sick leave, as I should surely be well by the time I reached home. Even now, people don't believe I have been so ill. Colonel Gordon has promised to try to get me home soon. The weather in Japan was very cold—here it is beautiful. You can't imagine how fine it is, and the change here is like going home—everything seems so luxurious —good quarters, good food, and good servants. I shan't be sent back to Japan, as I shall be kept here on duty. . . . There is very little work for the soldiers here. . . .

To his Sister B.

Hong-Kong, *December* 12, 1864.

You will hear by this mail of the assassination of two officers of the 20th Regiment in Japan. They were killed at a place which is the usual resort of picnic parties from Yokohama—even ladies ride out there. These murders will occur periodically until the feudal system of society which prevails is changed.

There are only two classes in Japan, the *privileged* and the *un-privileged*. The princes, all soldiers and civil officers belong to the former class; while the latter consists of all traders, agriculturists, and artizans. The good qualities of the former are their

patriotism and their regard for the lower class; over whom they hold themselves so high, that they can afford to behave with kindness and justice. The dark side of their character is their treachery and duplicity, and an inveterate hatred to foreigners, caused by their knowledge that with increased trade a middle class will rise up, which will injure them. They are conservative to the backbone, and are opposed to change of any kind. The military followers or retainers of the nobles are a very disreputable lot. They are idle except in time of war; and being always armed, and generally drunk, one does not wonder they are quarrelsome, especially with foreigners whom their masters hate. The country is infested with these fellows: they carry long swords, and wear the crest of their prince. There is yet a worse class in the country, but I don't know how they came to exist. They are bands of discharged soldiers called *Loonins*. These do not serve under any prince, but in case of war between the government and a prince, or between two princes, they can be hired. They are a drunken and disorderly set, and frequently rob villages. The unprivileged class, who are not allowed to carry swords, are a very quiet, peaceable race; they are most industrious, and all *you* ever see of Japan comes from them. I had a good deal to do with Japanese officers, as when I went to Japan there were no quarters for the soldiers, and when I was leaving there were quarters for 1,400 men nearly built, and for 100 men fitted up. All this was done by the Japanese Government under our superintendence.

The Japanese officers in charge are a very ignorant lot; they did not understand the simplest principles of carpentry, and when I had to explain any necessary alteration, &c., I was never allowed to tell the workmen, who would have understood me at once, but had to go first to the officers, and there was the greatest difficulty in getting them to comprehend me. I often gave them a bit of my mind—told them how ignorant they were, and that they were too conceited to learn—that the commonest tradesmen, who went on bended knees to them, were higher in our estimation than they; and many other unpleasant truths, which they had to swallow good-humouredly. I was rather good friends with one fellow: he gave me two fans to give you and Nell, but they were such miserable things I did not send them. I only brought a few things away, as my leaving was so sudden. The doctors and commandant wanted me to go home, but I thought it better not, as I should be either dead or well by the time I arrived at Southampton; and in the latter case I can imagine the stern official at the Horse Guards looking as if he would say:—"Behold the sick individual!" I was never so ill before, and I often thought if it would be nice to die—and came to the conclusion that it would not—out here, with no relations near me; so I came away and rapidly recovered. . . .

Colonel Gordon came from Shanghai in the mail with me; he has gone home, and has promised to get me home soon, so I hope to get away before the end of the year.

As far as we can see, this resolve to remain abroad until his term of service expired, or he was recalled by the authorities, cost him his life. But, as General Gordon said, "He thought it would be a slur on him to leave under a medical certificate." He could not bear to seem to desert his post, or fail in carrying out the high ideal of duty he had ever set before him.

To his Brother C.

December 14th.

In the last letter I had from B. she said that you had determined on going in for the medical profession. I was surprised, as I did not think you would care to give up the comfort of home, and the good prospect you had before you. However, I entirely approve of it, for the sole reason that it makes you *independent*. A man of spirit can never be happy as long as he is *dependent*. Your age is no drawback unless you want to enter the army; in all other cases I should think it is an advantage not to be too young. It is a mistake for fellows to go to a profession very young, if they have enough to support them while studying for it; for, what is a year when taken from a man's life, and how much is it when added to a man's youth, if he spends it profitably? I take your real life to commence from the

time you go into the world on your own account. You must work easily and systematically, taking care not to allow study to interfere with regular exercise. Make it a rule to walk so many miles a day. It is a good plan to lay down certain rules and not allow anything to interfere with them. I hope you will take this advice from a youth in good part, as, from what B. said, I thought you would like to hear what I have to say on the subject. I don't like giving any opinion on family matters unless asked to do so. . . .

I hope to be with you, please God, in five or six months, unless something extraordinary turns up. We have had two casualties in our department lately. One captain coming out has got sunstroke, and another, going home, smallpox. . . .

I long heartily for the time to go home. I have no yearning after the country or the work, which is inferior to what we have abroad. I only want to see you all. Write soon, old fellow, and tell me how everything is going on, and what you are doing. Once having made your resolution, *never depart from it.*

To his Sister E.

Hong-Kong, *December* 15, 1864.

I have just sent a beautiful Chinese vase to Colonel Gordon. It cost £50, and was presented to him by a Chinese governor. He is going to give it to the mess at Chatham. He is now on his way

home. He refused all pecuniary offers from the Chinese, as he said the services he gave them could not be purchased. He has now more influence with the Chinese than any man in the East; his name is honoured out here by every one. He is certainly the most genuine specimen of a nobleman I have ever known or seen. . . .

You seem to be in a small circle of festivities. I have not danced since I was at home, so I can't be accused of leading a frivolous life. Croquet has found its way out to Hong-Kong, and some of the mild ones attempt it with the ladies. I think riding is the best exercise and amusement for ladies. There are some beautiful horsewomen here. I hope you ride as much as ever. . . .

You must excuse the shortness of this letter; I have written so many, I am fairly bothered!

To his Mother.

Hong-Kong, *Christmas Day*, 1864.

The French mail leaves to-day, morning, so I take this opportunity of writing to tell you how I have been thinking of you all the morning and hoping that you are well and happy. How I do wish I was at home amongst you now. I never felt a greater longing to see you all than I do this day. I trust in God that I shall be with you this day twelve months. I suppose not having much to do here has made me think the more of home, and seeing so many children

about brings one's memory back to it. It is strange that *children* always remind me of home.[1] I never picture to myself the pleasures of being *employed* at home, or the probability of getting to a good station. I *only think of seeing you all again*. We have had a beautiful morning, sunshiny, but not too warm. I have had a good many invitations to dinner, as the merchants here are most hospitable, but am going to dine with an officer (married). The men had a very nice dinner. I went round and drank their healths. This time two years at Shanghai, I had a company of my own. They were fine old warriors, and had a splendid Christmas dinner. One corporal —a noble fellow—proposed my health, and with some others carried me round the room on his shoulders. I saw the poor fellow some time after on his death-bed, struck down by cholera; he was a capital soldier and very handsome. Many of the poor fellows have died since.

I spent last Christmas with Colonel Gordon. He has been through many exploits since, but is now, I am happy to say, safe out of China. I was always anxious for his safety while he was here, he was so fearless of danger. You will see an article in the November *Cornhill Magazine* styled, "Colonel Gordon's Exploits in China." It will interest you very much, I am sure. I feel quite deserted and sad when I think of my friends—nearly all have gone home, or else are soon to go. . . .

[1] His love of children was remarkable; they had a wonderful attraction for him.

The weather here is beautiful now, and I am thankful to say I am enjoying excellent health. I had some snipe-shooting a few days ago up the Canton river. It was very dirty work indeed, up to one's knees in mud, and the sport was scarcely worth it. I am thinking of going to Canton next week, as Colonel and Mrs. Moody, who are there, have kindly asked me to spend a few days with them.

I am glad C. is taking up a profession. Why doesn't G., instead of going into the army as a doctor, enter the combatant branch?—it is far the noblest, and a man can raise himself highest in it. It is a curious fact that very few English now take up the medical, and the canny Scotch are following in their footsteps, while the Irish are content to take what the others leave. I don't look down on the medical profession, by any means; but I do despise a man whose only prospect is to pass an examination to get into the service, and then sit down for the rest of his life, only rising by seniority (I hate seniority!). If I were a medico I should do as C. is doing—go into civil practice.

God bless you and father, and keep you from Christmas to Christmas.

To his Sister B.

December 28th, 1864.

There is not much going on here now. I am doing nothing, and I am scrry to say idleness

agrees exceedingly well with me. I intend soon going to see Canton. Then I shall have been to Pekin, Nankin, the Great Wall, and Yeddo. If you told me when I was a small boy that I should see all these places one day, I should hardly have believed you.

I am glad to hear you have not got thin. Defend me from scragginess, especially in a woman! A lean man I don't object to, as, if he has much to do, or think of, he can't be fat. But a cadaverous individual whose food, consumed in large quantities, doesn't visibly affect him, is worst of all.

I will soon, please God, be with you all again; the time is rapidly approaching when I shall say farewell to China. All my friends are going one by one, and my transportation, too, will soon be over. Sir Rutherford Alcock is leaving about the 15th of January, and a few others, Cane among the number. Cane is a very good friend of mine, and I admire him very much. The 9th Regiment will soon be here. I suppose your friend Mrs. C. will be with it. There are lots of ladies here. It is not a bad place for them for a short time, but very bad for a continuance. The children here look awfully pale and delicate. Many of the soldiers are sending home their children by a government ship which is going next month. There has been any amount of housebreaking and robberies going on here lately. The Chinese are the most audacious robbers; they will steal your teeth almost. What do you think of their getting into a barrack-room and stealing the men's

arms while they were asleep, some time ago? I was at Whampoa, a place on the Canton river, about forty miles from here, shooting, a few days ago. We (a party of four) breakfasted with an Englishman who is in charge of the docks there, and we were admiring his house, which was nearly new and very nicely furnished, one of the prettiest houses I have seen for some time. I heard yesterday that the preceding night the house had been broken into by an armed gang, who got hold of the Chinese nurse and child (the gentleman and his wife were here at the time). The ruffians drew a knife across the child's throat so as to cut the skin, to try to frighten the old woman into telling where the dollars were—which she could not do, as the gentleman had taken all his treasure to Hong-Kong the day before. They then broke everything in the house. It is satisfactory to know that one of them was killed and several wounded by the watchman. When I go out far into the country I shall certainly take a revolver with me for safety, as this time of year it is even dangerous on the island. (Did you know that Hong-Kong is an island? Some people don't.) When you write again, tell me what you think of China—what your ideas are of the people, and what you would like from China. Choose from these—Peach-stone bracelets carved; ditto brooches; carved ivories, such as bracelets, brooches, chess-men, &c.; sandal-wood boxes, fans: I have been out so long that my taste has become quite vitiated, and I can't tell what things are most appreciated by ladies. The paternal

Government has required me to repay £53 too much received. I am sure I don't know how—but must obey. However, it is of little consequence, although it is the price of a good horse or gun at home.

I should like to go on the continent for a time the year I go home (not all at once, before I see you—no, not if I know it!). I want to pick up French, and see many things. I read French books now, but that won't make me speak it. The language is of incalculable use to a soldier when abroad. I have been thrown among the French a good deal, and might have learned much from the French officers; they are a nation of soldiers, and one must admire them. I was very good friends at Shanghai with a little captain of the *Corps du Génie* (a nicer name than Royal Engineers); he could not speak English, nor I much French, but we managed to get on together. It is a pity that modern languages are not more taught at schools.

December 29th.

I only to-day received your letter dated September 16th. It went to Japan and back again, and I must say was well worth all its travelling. I am glad to hear that you have added to your accomplishments by learning to swim, and by becoming a musical composer. I am very anxious to see and hear your waltzes. I am curious to know why you called them the "Regatta Waltzes"; it is a very commonplace name. Perhaps it was suggested by your *learning to swim!*

What kind of Christmas did you have? I dined with two ladies—the first time I have seen so large a number of the fair sex at table for two years!

December 31st.

The mail is just closing, so I must say good-bye. I will think of you to-morrow, and pray that the year '65 will see us together again. With best love and prayers for your welfare. . . .

TO HIS BROTHER P.

HONG-KONG, *December* 31*st.*

MY DEAR P.,—I hear you are going to leave Trinity in May. I am sorry for this, as I should like to have seen you again in the old place, and have some sausages, bacon and eggs, and marmalade for breakfast in your rooms as of old.

We lead very quiet lives here—very little to do. There is a good deal of dining-out, which I abhor! There is a man here who was formerly at T. C. D. It is curious how often one finds *men* snobs, but scarcely ever *women*. Why is this? I wish you would write now and then to tell me how you are getting on. I suppose you have to work hard—indeed every one has, no matter what profession he is in. Lawyers seem to thrive very well here; there is a deal of litigation going on. It seems to me that men who work hard get on everywhere if they are not fools. . . .

The J.'s will soon be here, also C. and Mrs. C. Poor ladies—God help them here! . . . I think I shall get home next autumn—I am afraid not before. I wonder if we shall be at the partridges together again! Who knows? Good-bye, old fellow.

CHAPTER XI.

1865.

HONG-KONG (*continued*).

"Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him."

THE PRINCESS.

TO HIS BROTHER P.

HONG-KONG, *January* 11, 1865.

I hope the year 1865 will be a happy one to us all. There have been few changes in 1864. I am getting along quite happily, not overworked. There is a large staff of officers here, and a clerk of works, so there is not much to do.

Hong-Kong is a pleasant enough place at this time of year, but there is not the shooting here we had at Shanghai. I get up every morning at six o'clock, and go for a walk. . . . I intend soon paying a visit to Canton and Macao; steamers run from here every day.

I dined last night with a fellow who has married a China woman. He was formerly in the Royal Engineers, and, while he was stationed here, fell

in love with this girl, and married her. He was ordered home, and tried to get out again, but they would not allow him, so he resigned. . . . It is a miserable thing to be tied to a Chinawoman, but I admire the man's principle and pluck to give up everything for her. He is a very handsome fellow, clever, and a perfect gentleman. . . . I suppose J. is working hard. There is plenty of work for Civil Engineers in India, and may be here in course of time. . . . Do you ever dream of being on the Woolsack? I wonder if we shall ever make a name? If I live long enough I shall be a general, but that expectation does not satisfy my ambition! . . . Gordon is only about thirty years old, and he has been a general—and a very good one too. He would be just the man to settle a war like that of New Zealand. He is desperately energetic, and has lots of resources; he had thirty fights with the rebels, and was only beaten twice. I don't know what he will do now; he has too much "go" to settle down quietly at home. . . .

. . . Do you ever want money now? I have more than enough; however, we shall find a use for it when I go home: good shooting, perhaps a hunter, and a trip somewhere—Italy, I think, to look up the fortresses in the Quadrilateral, to see if they are all right. I should also like to see Paris again, since the wonderful Napoleon III. has made the improvements. All these "little castles in the air" may be knocked down by the home authorities only giving me a month's leave, and

sending me to look after a fort which cannot be deserted until completed! However, let us hope for the best. . . . I am very happy at getting into good health again.

To his Mother.

January 12, 1865.

I have been getting very good health since I came down here. It seems strange to be ill in such a fine climate as Japan, and to recover in Hong-Kong; but the weather was very cold at Yokohama, and there was not very good accommodation—no fire-places when I left. . . .

I live in a house with two officers of the Royal Artillery, in a place called Spring Gardens, a mile and a half from the town. We have a very nice mess; it would be considered expensive at home, but is cheap in comparison to living at Shanghai. We get a good many horses from Australia; they are as a rule very ugly, fiddle-backed, long-legged brutes, and addicted to buck-jumping. Great excitement prevails every morning in the race-course. For a month before the races no jockeys are allowed to train the horses; they must be all ridden by gentlemen. . . .

There are heaps of robbers in Hong-Kong, and one has to keep on the *qui vive*, as they often attack people out walking. I don't think they are punished severely enough; they are well fed and easily worked. The police here is in a very bad state,

and sadly wants re-organizing. I heard from Colonel Gordon at Ceylon yesterday; he has taken Captain Durnford,[1] who was coming out here, back with him, as he was very ill from the effects of sun-stroke. . . .

. . . The mainland opposite, called Kowloon, now belongs to us. The 99th Regiment is over there under tents, and the men are suffering very much from fever and ague. We are going to build barracks there, and when that is done and the place well drained, I think it will be very healthy.

I have not got a horse here, as I do not care for riding on the roads. This is the first time I have been without a nag since I left Chatham. . . . I should not be surprised if they made some reductions in our pay, as economy "rules the roast" at home. However, they may do as they please in the way of retrenchment, and the reduction of army and navy; but if there is another war they will have to pay double for it. Many retrenchments could be made in different departments and Government offices. It is not the poor soldier who runs away with the money.

I see that you have a new Lord-Lieutenant in Ireland; I should like very much to see that office abolished. What is the good of it, except to a few tradesmen in Dublin? If the Queen, or Prince of Wales would spend a few months every year in Dublin, it would do a deal more towards promoting

[1] Colonel Durnford, R.E., fell at Isandlwana, in the Zulu War, on January 22, 1879.

the loyalty of the people. However a truce to politics—they have no interest for either you or me, good mother. I am getting a nice collection of Chinese and Japanese photographs. A wretch of a Japanese stole the nice photograph on glass I had of you. I suppose the barbarian was attracted by your face. I have now only the *carte-de-visite*. . . . Be on the look-out for my being ordered home. You will see it in the movement of troops; then do not write more than once, as I shall take my departure pretty sharply, you may be sure! . . .

I am sending you my photograph taken by a Chinaman; when you write, tell me if you think it like. You see I have not changed much. I have gained a stone since I came down here. . . .

To his Sister E.

January 12, 1865.

I often think of you, and even wish you were here—then I should keep two horses and ride all over the place. Now I walk. A few days ago I walked to Stanley, a very pretty place at the other side of the island, about ten miles from here. It was a beautiful walk—prettier than anything I have ever seen in China, or expected to see. We have barracks at Stanley, in which are located from fifty to sixty women with innumerable children; they are the families of the men of the 20th quartered at Yokohama. There is one officer and a doctor to look after them.

I went to a ball given by the sergeants of the Royal Artillery the other evening. You can't imagine how nicely arranged it was. . . . It made me feel quite proud of being a soldier too, and a comrade of such fine fellows. Their wives were very nicely dressed, and some of them quite pretty and lady-like. They had a capital supper, but I did not wait for it. There is to be a ball at the Governor's to-night, and another (a fancy-ball) next week. I am not going to either. I don't think there will be many ladies at the fancy-ball, as they will have difficulties in getting dresses.

Nearly all the ladies here ride; some of them have beautiful Arab horses—these, I think, make the nicest ladies' horses in the world, they are so docile. What ponies or horses have you got now for riding and driving? Be sure to tell me about them when you are writing. . . . Good-bye for the present. . . .

To his Mother.

Hong-Kong, *January* 29, 1865.

I am indeed thankful to you for writing me such a long letter containing such an amount of interesting news. . . .

I think I told you before where I spent Christmas. It was a very quiet one, and I thought a good deal about you all during the day. Many thanks for your attentions to Tony. I know you do not care for dogs in general, and of course take your atten-

tions to Tony as a compliment to myself; but I may assure you he is not an unworthy dog; like many of his betters, he requires to be kept in order, or rather to be kept down when he is bumptious.

When going over to Japan I left my rebel-boy at Shanghai, as he did not wish to come and face the cold. He also had an idea that we were going to fight, and thought he had had enough of it in his youth. Of late he objected to my going about so much. He said "it was always too muchee walkee; more better stop at Shanghai all the same other officers." He accompanied me to Pekin, the Great Wall, Japan, and Nankin; also on innumerable boat expeditions up the country, in all of which he was invaluable, as he spoke the different dialects. He is now at Shanghai with my successor. It is the way of the world—the best friends must part some time or other.

I heard from Colonel Gordon at Aden; he is now a C.B. He has promised to work with the authorities for my relief, and he will, I think, succeed. I must say I don't like the idea of the hot summer here, but will try to take good care of myself, and avoid all exposure to the sun as much as possible.

I am now quite home-sick. I see so many people going home, it sets me longing to get away too. . . .

If you have reason to be proud of your children, dear mother, who have you got to thank for it? No one but yourself alone. Your rule was always one of love, and I can say the same of father. I never

remember receiving a punishment at your hands though I remember deserving one many a time, and the remorse that came after, which was worse than any punishment you could have given.

I scarcely ever hear any music here. I am very sorry I did not learn some instrument. The other fellows had the pull over me in that way, being so much at home. You know since I was seven I have never been longer at home than three months at a time. I cannot dance either, which is a nuisance when I am invited to a ball. What I learned at home has all gone out of feet and head. When trying the lancers the other night at a sergeants' ball, I had to be set right by a sergeant's buxom wife, which was awfully *infra dig!* . . .

I am afraid that lately for want of news I have got into the habit of writing nonsense. You must forgive it, and in future I shall try to mend.

January 30th.

I have just now received your letter dated November 1st; it went up to Yokohama, and was sent down here again. . . .

I did feel rather disappointed at first at not being allowed to go down to the Inland Sea; but I have learned to look at things philosophically, and so forgot about it. I have seen events turn out so unexpectedly here, and those which seemed certainties never take place, that I am quite a fatalist, but of the Cromwellian type—I like to see the "powder

dry." I must tell you a piece of news which you are not to mention to any one. On the way here from Japan Colonel Gordon asked me "if I should like to go on the Survey at home." I said, "Yes." He made a note in his memorandum-book, and said "he would manage it for me when he went home." Anything entered in *that book is, I know, not forgotten;* therefore I have good hope. However, there may be many difficulties in the way—all the places may be filled already, &c.; and if nothing comes of it I shall not be disappointed.

I have now talked a lot about myself, and feel quite ashamed. I am in pretty good health, and in good spirits; for the latter I may thank your letter.

I will now say good-bye, dear mother. God bless you, and keep you till we meet again!

To the Same.

Hong-Kong, *February* 14, 1865.

Yesterday I received from Yokohama two letters from home which had gone up there. The letters were dated November 23rd and 24th, so I got them nearly a month late.

The everlasting Taiping rebels have come down to near Swatow, an open port. There are a few merchants there, and they have applied for troops, but I don't think they will get any. These rebels seem to turn up everywhere in China. These are led by a brother of the Changwang who was taken at Nankin. He was one of the bravest and most intelligent of

the rebel leaders. He has written a history of the rebellion, and he is not complimentary to the "foreign devils," as he calls us. The English admiral is to be made a G.C.B., the French admiral a K.C.B., and the officers get the Legion of Honour. This is rather too much honour for so small an affair as Limonosaki. I was very much put out at first at not being allowed to go down there, but it was a matter of luck. If I had been junior to what I am I should have gone, and who knows if I should have come off "scot-free" like the fellow who went in my place? I am a head taller than he is; that might have been sufficient to alter the course of events. I think of this, and try to console myself thereby. Also, if I had joined Colonel Gordon and escaped, I think I should get a brevet-majority the moment I become a captain. But the question is, *should* I have escaped? One feels inclined to become a fatalist living out here—so much turns on so little.

I went up to Canton on last Saturday week, and stayed until Monday. It is a very fine specimen of a Chinese city, far better than any town I have seen in the north; it has not been sacked by rebels, and the Chinese there are a very wealthy class. I stayed with a Mr. Hart, who is a commissioner of Customs in the Chinese service. All the customs are collected in China by Europeans—principally Englishmen. We shall soon have their armies officered by English. If I liked to go now, and could get leave, I should be able to get an appointment instructing the *Celestials!* but I would not care to do so. . . .

It is one of the nuisances out here that, when one has spare time, one has no means of turning it to advantage. I tried to get a French master, but could not. I then determined to learn fencing, but was not able to get any one to fence with me. Indeed I am sick of colonial life, and heartily wish for home again. . . . Our colonel is going home next month; I shall then be out longer in China than any other officer except one. I don't like the idea of the hot weather here; and then, if I get home just as the cold weather is coming on, won't it touch me up? You must be very forbearing with me, for I am certain to be cross—I feel it now. . . . I expect, the mail after next, to hear from Colonel Gordon as to when I am going home. Keep a sharp look-out in the papers, and you will know when to expect me. Jackson's *Woolwich Journal* contains all our movements. I found I could not live here without a horse, so I have bought a beauty, an Arab. I got him very cheap from a fellow who is going home.

By the same mail he writes to his brother P.:—

I have not heard from you for an age—four months. That is a long time out here, where life is so short. A French missionary told me that their lives only averaged eight years in China, and they come out young men. Sad, isn't it? . . . I wish you would write and tell me how you are getting on at the Law. It is the best of all professions, but it

requires very hard work. There is, I believe, a good field in India for lawyers, but if I were you I should not think of going there if I could get on at home. There is no chance of my going back to Japan, though I have only been sent here on sick-leave. As for pay, Japan is better, but unfortunately the climate did not suit me. There are great varieties of temperature here; in two days the thermometer fell between 20° and 30°! . . .

We see that he had begun again to suffer from the climate, and that he dreaded the consequences of spending another hot season in China. This made him all the more anxious to get home; and in all human probability his life would have been saved if the strenuous efforts General Gordon was at this time making for his relief had been successful. He writes on the 26th of February:—

MY DEAR E.,—We have had very unpleasant weather here lately. The hills overhanging the place have been covered with dark, heavy clouds, and the air below is saturated with moisture. There being no wind, one's clothes get quite damp, the walls perspire, and everything one touches is clammy. Nearly everybody seems to be going away

from here. It is very hard to be constantly obliged to change one's friends. I have a good many in the regiment now leaving. I must say one meets with very nice fellows in the service, and can make many real friends. I bought a saddle from a man who is going away. I saw it, and gave him what he asked. Two days after he sent me the saddle, and £1 back, saying he had asked too much, as he did not think it was so much out of repair as he found it was when he came to look at it. Now, some people might call him a fool; but he is no such thing. He is a very clever fellow, has the confidence of his commanding officer, and is liked very much by the men; he is also adjutant, which post is only held by the best officers.

I am anxiously looking out for the next mail, as I hope to hear by it from Colonel Gordon when I am going home. He is working hard for me.

I have a very nice horse and take long rides on him. I rode yesterday to Stanley Barracks, about eight miles from here, and walked to a village called Wongma-Koak, about two miles beyond the barracks. An Engineer officer, by name De Costa, was murdered there some years ago. This place is full of robbers. Chinamen can come down from Canton by steamer for a few pence. The bad characters come down, make some money by robbing, and then go back: there is no check on them. There are lots of pirates about here: a gun-boat goes out constantly after them. I am going in it some day to see how they are caught. The police here are

almost useless, being "Niggers," or natives of India. The Chinamen are much stronger and pluckier. They are sadly in want of a new police system in the colony. The photograph of mother which I had, was stolen out of my room by a beast of a Japanese. I suppose he has it hanging up in his house, and his children look with curiosity on the portrait of the "foreign devil's" mother. He could have stolen it for no other motive.

I was at a dinner party given by a rich Chinaman two days ago. We ate our food with chop-sticks. He gave us about forty different dishes; amongst them were bird's-nest soup, shark's fins, rotten eggs, worms and snails of all sorts; really very palatable dishes, and wonderfully well cooked. I wish you had been with me to enjoy it. I am going to a wedding at Canton on Shrove-Tuesday. A friend of mine is to be married to his *inamorata*, who has come on here from India: she is young and pretty. I am going in the position of best man.

TO HIS MOTHER.

March 13th.

Ten days ago, I heard from Colonel Gordon. He wrote from Woolwich. He said he had asked the D. A. General to order me home, and he said he would; but I do not see any chance of getting away before next August. This is an unpleasant prospect; for if I go home overland I shall be just in time for the cold weather, which does not agree with me quite as well now as it used at home.

There have been a great many robberies here of late. The other night an officer of the 6th Regiment awoke, and thought he heard a man in the room: he listened, and then saw a light like the end of a lighted cigar hovering over the table, he immediately jumped up and seized the proprietor of the light, a powerful Chinaman, and gave the alarm. They had a tremendous tussle, but the officer held him until some others came in. They found a pistol and dagger on the Chinaman, and he was recognized to be an escaped convict. The strange part of the story is that there was another officer in the room, and though he was a light sleeper, he never woke while the row was going on, so it is thought that he was drugged. There were two sentries quite close, but the thief managed to evade them. Not a night passes here without some robbery or attempt to rob. In Canton there is nothing of the kind, as the law is strictly administered: a mandarin would cut off a fellow's head without the slightest hesitation. The police here are useless; they are nearly all Madrasees, and such like—the Chinese don't fear them in the least. It would be far better to have native police under a native officer. At Shanghai the police were all Europeans, with the exception of some Chinese detectives, and they manage their duties well. . . .

The Taiping rebels are making head again, as you will see by the papers. They have a most wonderful vitality. One expected to see them extinguished by Gordon and the taking of Nankin, but it seems it

is not so. They are now near Amoy and Swatow, both open ports. It has also been reported that they are coming down in the direction of Nankin. I don't think we shall assist the Imperialists any more against them; it is bad "to help those who won't help themselves," and the moment the danger is over the Imperialists ignore us. The leader of the Taipings has addressed foreigners to say, that if we assist him he will let us have all the seaport towns, and he will take the interior. The Pekin Government has no strength. You can scarcely imagine the corruption that exists among the mandarins, and what a slight force would be sufficient to overthrow the Tartar Dynasty, and rule the destinies of 300,000,000 of our fellow-creatures! I don't think there is any nation in the world which would be more easily governed than the Chinese; they are so industrious and naturally fond of peace. The country has been harassed by rebellions for a period of 1,200 years before the conquest of the Tartars in 1644. There have been fifteen changes of dynasty, all of course accompanied by civil wars.

. . . I hope the seeds will turn out some good. I heard of one fellow who sent a lot home and they all came up carrots, parsnips, and turnips!

To his Sister E.

Hong-Kong, *March* 30, 1865.

I have but little to tell you. Hong-Kong is not a place of much variety except as regards the weather and the people. The thermometer went down from 80° to 54° in twenty-four hours — a very sudden change. The old inhabitants do not like these changes. . . . I have got a good appointment. It is to take charge of the Colonial works at Kowloon. I go over to-morrow. I do my own work as well. This appointment will increase my pay to £72 or £73 a month. The officer who held the appointment is going to Ceylon to be on the Government staff. I heard from Colonel Gordon last mail, and he said he would probably let me know next mail when I may expect to go home! Hooray!

I shall have to part with my jolly little cob; he would make a beautiful lady's horse, he is so good-tempered and playful, and has such nice paces. The roads at Kowloon are too bad for him. I have got a Chinese mandarin's dress, and am getting a tail made—a veritable hair one.

There have been a good many robberies here lately. Englishmen have been attacked by daylight in the open street, robbed and wounded. There was a piracy committed a few days ago, close to this place, and eighty unfortunates killed. Our system of law does not quite suit the Chinese. . . .

Hong-Kong is undoubtedly the healthiest part of

China—the place is so much cleaner and better drained. It is rather overcrowded with Chinamen, but they are not so mixed up with the European population as they were at Shanghai.

Do you read as much as ever? I suppose you don't care about works on China; it is not a very interesting country to anybody, with the exception of those who are in some way connected with it. The war of 1860 brought out hordes of works on it. I have read five—four of which were by military men. The best book ever written on China is by Huc, an Apostolic missionary. I shall be able to tell you a great deal about the country when I go home. If you want to know about Japan, read Sir R. Alcock's book styled "The Capital of the Tycoon": it is most interesting.

When I was up at Pekin I was one day riding with the Secretary of Legation, when we met a man dressed as a very smart Chinaman, but who spoke English *à la Milésienne!* he answered to the name of Father Fitzpatrick, and was attached to the French Mission. There was a young fellow called Dillon attached to the French Legation, and a Colonel O'Malley, who commanded a French regiment; also a Lieutenant Tierney, who was killed at Ningpo. All these names smack of "old Ireland!" There are very few places in the world where one does not come across the real natives!

It must have been very jolly for you to have so much frost; there is no such thing here, and you only see ice at the dinner-table. When I go home

I must show you how to make an ice-house; it is the simplest thing in the world, and costs almost nothing. I have never learned to skate, as I never had a chance. My next tour of service may be in a cold country, and I should not be surprised if some of us were sent to Canada one of these days. The Yankees are getting very cheeky—one can call it nothing else. It would be a terrible war, as neither side could give in. . . .

March 31st.

This is, I think, my last day's residence in Hong-Kong—at least I hope so. I am going over to-morrow to Kowloon, and look forward to the change with pleasure. I will not write to mother by this mail, as I could not find anything to write about after this long letter. Tell her I never missed writing home by a mail since I was up at Nankin. . . .

I hope to be able to tell you something more definite about going home the next time I write. You would fancy that my getting such good pay now would keep me from wishing to go home; *but it is not so.* I dare say I shall not have as good an opportunity again for twenty years.

From the time of General Gordon's arrival in England, until his friend was beyond the reach of all human aid and sympathy, he was unceasing in his exertions to help him; as when his kindly efforts to get him recalled by

the authorities failed, he set to work to secure the promise of an appointment at Kensington for him as soon as his term of service in China should be over. In a number of letters written to him by General Gordon during this period is expressed warmly the deep interest felt in a brother-soldier's welfare, and an earnest desire to assist him.

CHAPTER XII.

1865.

KOWLOON.

"What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil;
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets."

E. B. BROWNING.

ON April 1st, Lieutenant Lyster went to live at Kowloon to take charge of the Colonial works there. He considered himself fortunate in getting this appointment. It made a large addition to his pay, and he was glad of the increase of employment, as he enjoyed work for its own sake alone. Yet we cannot help thinking that it would have been far better for

him to have remained at Hong-Kong; the quarters there were much more comfortable than those at Kowloon, and the drainage of the latter place being in an imperfect state increased its unhealthiness. He seems not to have suffered at first from the change.

To his Mother.

Kowloon, *April* 12, 1865.

My dearest Mother,—I received your letter dated February 24th, yesterday. You are very good to write to me so often, and such long letters. You never fail me, and are my best correspondent. Letters from home are a real "God-send" to me over here, as I am quite by myself and should feel very lonely if I had not some employment. . . .

I had a letter from Colonel Gordon by this mail. He has been working hard to get me home; but they said my time would not be up till August: so they are determined to have the value of me even to the uttermost day. J. D., who was once a soldier, said to me one day when I asked him how he liked service in India, that it was not work for money, but *blood for money*. That saying is applicable to China as well.

I am afraid Colonel Gordon can't manage the Survey for me either. They don't seem to appreciate me as much at home as I wish they would—or as

they should! (don't you think so?). However, I am happy, and I hope to see you before the end of the year (D.V.). I am sorry I told you about the Survey, as it raised your hopes, and now you will be disappointed.

I am tolerably comfortable here, though quite alone. A detachment of the 9th is quartered a long distance off.

The robbers have been most audacious; they stole two rifles and bayonets out of a hut full of soldiers the other night: they bored through the wall, which is of bamboo mats and straw. I fully expect a visit every night, and feel quite disappointed that they have not turned up yet. They got into my servants' room, the night after my arrival, and stole everything, even to the clothes on my boy's bed, and the watch-dog that was guarding the premises! They attacked a doctor in the open street the other day, and when they had knocked him on the head, robbed him. There are robberies here every night. . . .

I have a cook here, two house servants, and two out-door servants, beside the office-boy. I am so rich I can afford it. I wish P. or J. were living with me. I am glad now I did not go home from Japan. Colonel Gordon complains of the cold, and I am afraid it would touch me up too. I should like to arrive at Cascade early in July. . . .

"I have got a little garden here, with a fish-pond in it containing gold fish. I will send you a photograph of my hut. . . .

Next Christmas, please God, we shall be all to-

gether again. You cannot imagine how I wish to be with you. I often feel as if I had not enough of you, I have been so much away. It is a bad thing, looking at it in one light, for a fellow who is knocking about to have a home, because he is never satisfied, and is always wishing to be there. I never felt so sorry at leaving home as I did the last time, and lately I have had a greater longing than ever before to see you all again. At Shanghai and Japan I could not look forward to it, when so many things might turn up to prevent our meeting. I have now given up all thoughts of India. I saw by the Sanatory Commissioner's report lately most unpleasant statistics. One was the average time of existence of a youth of twenty compared with one in England. In England he may expect to live thirty-nine years: in India seventeen—so he loses twenty-two years by going to India. You will be sorry to hear that China is still worse. A French Apostolic missionary told me they lived on an average eight years in China. The mortality amongst the troops in 1862 at Shanghai, was 163 in 1000. Our Government is certainly a bad one as regards military matters. There is the greatest fear of responsibility in spending money, and a dread of incurring any expense in providing accommodation, &c., for the troops. The muddling made at the War Office is disgraceful. It is a bad system having a civilian at the head of the army, as it were.

Good Friday, 1865.

I wish you all a happy Easter. The country at

home is now beginning to look beautiful. I well remember walking to church one Easter Sunday through the fields, while spending a short Easter vacation at home when I was a schoolboy, and how fresh and lovely the country was that day! Here, the ground is all rocks and red earth, with a great glare over it; so different from the green fields and pure air of Ireland. . . . You must not show my letters to any one, as I only try to write *long* ones, regardless of composition or even of grammar. The weather has become warm; we have just got into summer clothes. I am in pretty good health, better than I was at Shanghai.

I must now say good-bye, my dearest mother; and that you may be long spared in health and strength, is my prayer for you.

He hoped that each succeeding mail would bring the tidings of his relief. "I will not leave a stone unturned to bring you home," General Gordon writes about this time; and all his letters are full of expressions showing his great anxiety to get his friend recalled, as he was fully aware of the great risk incurred by him in staying on for the unhealthy season in China.

On April 27th he writes to his sister E. :—

I scarcely have a chance of getting away before August. I hear from Colonel Gordon every mail: he has been trying hard to get me home, but has

not been successful. I like Kowloon better than Hong-Kong, though it is rather lonely; and thieves, mosquitoes, and fleas are very plentiful.

Three nights ago a thief, or thieves, came, but my faithful cur gave the alarm, and I went out and fired a shot into the dark to intimidate the beast, or beasts.

The weather now is very rainy; I believe it will be so for the next two months. All one's clothes get horribly damp and mouldy. I bought a little piebald pony the other day for £3; he is very small, but pretty. I want him for my interpreter. All the Chinamen are bad walkers, and this fellow is knock-kneed, and particularly bad. He has been to Australia and California. In talking about Australia, he said it was a fine country, but that there were a great many bad people there! I asked him "who they were?" and he answered, "The H'Irish." He said "they were all bad without exception." I then told him I was a "H'Irishman!" when he wanted to qualify his previous statement, but I would not allow him. I have been down on the rascal ever since, which will show him that there are disagreeable natives of the Emerald Isle in other countries besides Australia!

I am now living in a neat shed, which is comfortable enough in winter, but unhealthy in summer. I have a little garden, but do not pay much attention to its cultivation, consequently it is rather wild. I wish you were here to look after my household affairs for me.

I have had a good deal of buying and selling of horses and ponies since I came out to China. My first pony I paid £10 for; I exchanged him with a Chinaman for a horse and got £10. My next nag I got a present of from a Chinaman; that is to say, I looted him from a fat Chinese rebel officer, who slipped off his back faster than he ever got on, and handed him over to my care. He was a lazy beast, and I sold him for £7. My next I bought for £12—a beauty, but he broke down and I sold him for £7. The next was a Japanese pony, which I sold to a brother officer for what I paid for him. He has since won the principal race at a meeting. I paid £40 for my good little horse, and sold him before I came over here for £46. So you see I have not done badly.

This season has been an unfortunate one for many of the business houses in Shanghai. Two first-class houses have failed, and I believe there will probably be more. I am very sorry for the members, as they were all very nice people.

. . . I see by the papers that there have been great debates on poor Ireland at the opening of Parliament. When will the country be prosperous? If they would only give up talking and work hard, it would be better for them.

I am horribly sleepy and tired, and must have written you a stupid letter. I have endeavoured to fill in the paper in any way, as I have no news.

To his Mother.

Kowloon, *May* 9, 1865.

I am longing to go home; although I hold such a nice appointment I don't care about remaining, I want to see you all again. When I was in Japan and Shanghai I was not so home-sick; I suppose not having so much time to spare, I did not think so much of home. I hear from Colonel Gordon by every mail, and he tells me how things are going on. He has been asking our Adjutant-General to order me home, but that gentleman does not see it; however, the time expires in August, when I hope there will be no objection to my going.

The weather is getting warm here, but I am, thank God, in good health. Now that I see a chance of getting home, I am determined to take care of myself. I have not been so well for a long time. I don't go about much in the sun. I have had a great adventure, or rather misadventure, with the thieves. They got into my room and stole a lot of things, and my nice fox-skin and Spanish rug you may remember. These last are the only things I regret; the clothes were so worn, it is rather a good thing they are gone, as I shall have to get new ones. They came in through my pantry, and first took all the knives and forks which belong to the mess. The night was dark and rainy, and so stormy that even if I were awake I should hardly have heard them. I have a lighted lamp always

beside my bed, and either the thieves or the wind when they opened the door extinguished it. I awoke and jumped up to light the lamp, but the matches would not light, and I walked towards the pantry in which two servants slept, to call them. I then felt the wind blowing in my face, and suspecting something went at once to the door, when a fellow darted past me like a shot, but not before I had time to fire at him with a small pistol I had in my hand at the time. I was only two or three yards from him, but the shot did not bring him to—it must have gone over his head. I got out some of the men, and we recovered some things, and the tools they used in house-breaking, as well as their hats. It was a miserable night, cold and wet. The next day I dismissed the two servants who slept in the pantry, *minus* their month's wages—though I don't think they were accomplices, as all my domestics lost something. My house-boy lost a watch and a lot of swell silk clothes; he cried as if his heart was breaking, and said he would "go home to his mother, and *makey die*," although he is a big, hulking fellow of eighteen, and has a wife. He is very honest, but we are going to part, as he is a horrible liar, and can only be frightened into doing things. He will be the first servant I have ever sent away. His wages are so good, he will be sorry to go. I give him £8 10s. a month to provide my food. I have another servant, who is a reduced merchant; he lost all his money in speculations. He seems to accommodate himself quite easily to his new circumstances;

he is a sleek fellow with a very honest face. The establishment consists now of a house-boy (a sort of valet), a cook, two coolies, a watchman, and an office-boy; the two latter are paid by Government. All these live on the premises, and if they had pluck, should be able to resist any number of robbers. I also have an interpreter, who lives in the village. The greater number of the natives about here are what they call *Hakka* men, that is the Chinese of "gipsy." I have been at war with them since I came here, as they are employed as stone-cutters, and they bring bad stone to the work, which they won't take away; so I get it broken up, and they attack my men. I sent some of them to prison. I caught one of them near my hut the day after the robbery, and gave him a licking he will remember for many a day. The thieves have been here three nights lately. At about two o'clock a few nights ago, my boy saw a fellow contemplating me in bed through the window. Since then I have been given a watchman. I am going to get rid of all my valuables, and will then stand a siege.

I am afraid I have written too much about my domestic affairs, but they are on my mind just now. . . .

May 11th.

The mail closes to-morrow. No fresh news here. We have heard of the fall of Richmond. Poor old Lee! I am sorry for him. We get news now from London in between twenty and thirty days, *viâ* Calcutta by telegram. . . .

There is a good deal of rain overhead that won't come down, and this makes the air intolerably close and muggy. I need not tell you how anxiously I am looking forward to getting away. There will be a troop-ship going home about July—I think the *Tamar*. It will be unlucky if I am obliged to go in her; though she is a fine ship, I would rather go overland. A great many Engineers have gone to Canada to be employed on the new fortifications there. B. said that father was keeping a horse for me: I am much obliged to him. I don't know how I shall feel when I get on a tall horse. I am now riding a beast not as big as a good-sized donkey; he does capitally for pottering about.

To his Brother P.

Kowloon, *May 27th*, 1865.

I am delighted to hear that you are getting something to do. If you came out here you would certainly do well in a pecuniary point of view; but I should recommend you to stop at home if you can do anything there. While you are here you don't *live*, you only *exist*: and that with the hope of getting home. Men only come to China with the hope of making some money and then leaving it. That suits merchants, as they have branch establishments at home, but it would not suit professional men, especially lawyers. I am glad that we are all, I may say, started in life, and that father has lived to see it.

I am afraid the partridges will have a respite as far as I am concerned, as the authorities won't allow me home till my time is up. I am sorry for this, though I am very comfortable and contented here, and shall never, as long as I am a subaltern, hold as good an appointment. You know about the Kensington affair, and the Survey? Gordon has been trying hard to get me home: he is a regular brick! He said he would ask the Duke (who was very civil to him), if he thought it would do any good. General Brown, who went home from here, wrote to ask me if he could do anything for me. It was very kind of him. . . .

You make me envious when you talk of the musical parties, dances, &c., you are enjoying. I have been living like a true barbarian for a long time.

I wish I had studied music when a small boy. If I were beginning the world again I should go in more for modern languages, music, and drawing than I did. They are of the most practical use to one. The heavy scientific has been of little good to me since I passed. I dare say you don't find much use in co-ordinates or conic sections in pleading for a fellow?

I found a great want of practical knowledge when I first came to China, and in fact do now. In Japan, you can't fancy what trouble it was first starting. First difficulty was the language; I had to learn the colloquial. Second, no knowledge of the qualities of the timber, &c. Then I had to make a drawing of everything I wanted to have done, and there was the

nuisance of keeping accounts: here we have clerks, so that my work is not nearly so hard.

When I get home we shall get rid of some of the accumulated riches which I have earned, not alone with the sweat of my brow, but of my whole body! . . .

To his Mother.

June 8, 1865.

. . . I cannot say much for the weather here. It is endurable during the day, as there is generally a sea breeze, but at night there is scarcely ever a breath of wind, and it is very oppressive. There has been little sickness as yet amongst the troops. The Chinese are suffering a good deal from low fever; nearly all my household were laid up at the beginning of this week, but are now all right again. The medical treatment here is rather peculiar. The doctor irritates the patient's neck by pinching it with copper coins, and putting black plaisters on the temples, which are anything but ornamental. The people have great faith in their physicians, and I suppose they are right to believe in them when their treatment is successful. The Chinese know nothing whatever of surgery, as it is not correct to dissect dead bodies. The ladies' affairs don't seem to trouble them much—as, a few days since, I crossed over to Hong Kong in a boat in which was a baby three days old, and the happy mother was pulling an oar, looking as merry as possible.

I have not heard anything further about going home, and can only trust that the day is not far distant when I shall see you all again. I hear regularly from Colonel Gordon: he has been very kind.

We had seven men hanged here on Tuesday last. They were murderers and pirates: they attacked a junk, and threw eighty of the crew overboard. Some time after, nine of them took passage in a steamer from Macao here, in order to get some bills cashed that they had looted. They brought a little boy with them who was son of one of the murdered crew and adopted by one of the pirates. He told the story to a friend of his father's whom he met on board the steamer, and the pirates were arrested on landing here. Some of the crew had managed to escape by swimming, and they turned up as witnesses. Piracy is a very common occurrence here, and I am sorry to say the perpetrators are seldom caught. . . .

I cannot say much in favour of our countrymen abroad when one reads of them in America and Australia. In the former country they compete with the black men for menial employment, in the latter with Chinamen; and—if my interpreter speaks truly—even the Irish are servants to the Chinese there. This seems impossible, as I can hardly imagine an European servant to an Asiatic.

I have not been robbed since, although the thieves have come to have a look at me. The police shot one dead a few nights ago; they also shot a convict who was trying to escape to-day.

I have my hut very prettily furnished now, and have a jolly little garden. . . .

To the Same.

Kowloon, *June* 27, 1865.

I am leading a very quiet and retired sort of life. I find it very lonely in the evenings, but this is a great inducement to read. The people out here are very kind; I have made but few acquaintances, but some of them are real friends. I have been asked up to Canton to stay with a fellow of the Consulate who has just been married and come out from England: he is a splendid Chinese scholar. I have asked him to look out for some flower seeds and bulbs. Tell B. I essayed collecting ferns for her when at Hong-Kong, but found them withered. I should like to do it here, but I have so much out-door work, and the sun is so hot I am afraid of it. I did not mind it much three, or even two years ago. There has been a good deal of fever, principally among the Chinese; but the soldiers, especially the new-comers, have suffered a good deal also. I have ten men over here, and we have, everything considered, escaped pretty well. They are a good lot of fellows. I have not had occasion to punish one of them since I came over, although two are reformed drunkards. Three of them rejoice severally in the names of Montagu O'Reilly, O'Neill, and Charles Stewart Mooney. The last is one of the reformed. I believe his father is in a good position in Ireland. Our men are as a rule very fine, intelligent fellows—a contrast to the Line.

I am now tired of making the same remark, viz. "I have heard nothing about going home." I don't think I shall even be with you at Christmas, which is a shame. It is depressing to see one's friends all going home, for I am now one of the oldest inhabitants of this place; still, no one has gone whose turn was not before mine—so they are inclined to be fair at the Horse Guards, which one cannot grumble at.

I suppose tea is very cheap at home now that the duty is only 6d. per. lb. I never drink less than five large cups during the day and sometimes eight or nine. I drank some tea the other day when dining with a Chinese, which cost 16s. per. lb. I did not think it was worth it: but I suppose my palate was not refined enough to appreciate it.

I have had a deal of fighting with the contractors here. They are awful rogues. . . .

The Japanese Government is sending an army against the Prince of Chosien, whom we have just punished, and some other refractory Daimios. They say the army was 100,000 strong: it was a week marching past Yokohama. They built up a place for the foreigners to look on at the army, as it marched along the *Tokaido*, or great high road. Poor Chosien will have a bad time of it. I don't know what his offence has been; the Government will say it is for firing on foreign vessels, and we will not believe them, but say they are licking Chosien because he could not lick us.

To his Sister B.

You see I am still in my blissful abode! It is a shame if they keep me four years in this cruel climate. Nell talks of my being *baked!* That is not the word to describe one's sensations here; *boiled* or *stewed* is more like it. No matter how hot it is, you have the feeling of being in a vapour bath, and everything around you is damp and mildewed. The salt on the table every morning is saturated. All those nice gloves you sent me are spoiled, although they were put away in the recesses of my drawers. This is splendid weather for bathing—but alas, what was once my delight I cannot now venture on!

The Chinese sing most wonderful songs, and play some really pretty tunes on an instrument like a guitar. I wish I was musical enough to keep them in my head and write them for you. I am sure you would imitate them capitally. Their minstrels are generally blind. Opposite to where I lived in Hong-Kong a woman used to sing for hours at a time in a loud, melancholy voice: all her tunes ended in a plaintive quavering ā, ā, āā. One can purchase musical boxes here which play the Chinese tunes. I will try to get one, or get the music of their tunes written by some one, if it can be done. I expect they will be written backwards, or upside down if that is possible. Shuttlecock is a favourite game here; but the Chinese play with their feet. I was glad to hear that you had become such zealous toxophilites. . . .

A case of forcible abduction occurred last night in

the Chinese village under my quarters, or rather in the bay opposite the village. Some Chinamen in a boat attacked another boat, knocked the proprietor on the head, shied him overboard, and took away the boat with his wife and sister-in-law in it. However, they were pursued by the other boats and the ladies recovered. This occurred close to the police boat, which did not move for half an hour afterwards.

The thieves came a few nights ago, and stole my groom's clothes out of his room, although there was a European sentry, ten yards off, on my quarters. They have also been tampering with the locks of the treasury. The Cantonese are certainly the princes of thieves. I sent some of my valuable things to an Artillery fellow to keep for me, as I had no locks on my drawers, the thieves having stolen them. He actually left the box open! and a gold chain and three gold rings which I got at Tientsin were stolen.

The country must look beautiful now. How I wish I could see it—and those violets and primroses! I don't know when I saw a cowslip last! What would I not give for one week of the weather you are having now? If I were only two months at home, I am sure I should be quite well again. . . .

From his diary, which reveals far more of the real state of his health than his letters, we find that he was frequently indisposed during May and June, though not so seriously as to keep him from his work; but early in July

dysentery set in, and he went over to Hong-Kong to stay at his old quarters, Spring Gardens. From there he writes as follows:—

To his Brother P.

Hong-Kong, *July* 11, 1865.

I am still in the land of the living, if the perspiring panting individual now writing to you can be called so. I was very ill over at Kowloon, and came here to get into a house and good food, so that I might get better. I am thankful to say I am now much better, but still far from well. I am as thin as a wafer, and as weak as a spider. I had diarrhœa for fourteen days, which turned to dysentery. A good many soldiers are sick and some have died. I cannot stand the sun as well as I could last year; the least exposure knocks me up. I am thinking seriously of applying for a Medical Board which would send me home round the Cape in the *Tamar*. That would bring me home before Christmas. It is a pity to throw up my appointment if I could remain here. There is no news. The weather is sweltering hot. We had a typhoon on the 30th of last month; it did a great deal of damage. The P. and O. Company lost two steamers. The rebels have begun to flourish again in China; they say they are close to Pekin now. There is no news from Japan. The Tycoon has marched some men to attack the Prince of Nagato, but it will take months before they arrive.

We may have some snipe shooting together if I go in the *Tamar*, and survive all dangers. I have long been wishing to get a chance of recruiting my strength. It is perfect misery to be an invalid. I feel sorely tempted. The *Tamar* is a splendid troop-ship, and I should like to see the Cape. Query: Shall it be the *Tamar*?

To his Mother (by the same mail).

I came over here from Kowloon two days ago, as I had been ill for some time there. I am now better, thank God, and will return to-morrow, or in a few days. A great number of our people and the Chinese have been ill of late. This seems to have been a particularly unhealthy season. . . . I have not heard anything of my going home yet, but believe I may give up all hope of it before Christmas unless I get worse, when I shall apply for a Medical Board to recommend me to go in the troop-ship *Tamar*, which leaves here early next month: that would bring me home well in the cold weather. But it cannot be helped. I wish I were going now, but the doctors say it would not be good to go overland. I suppose long ere this you have given up writing to me—*that* would conduce to drive me out of this place more than anything else. I need not tell you that the weather is excessively warm. I must say I have not exposed myself much to the sun. I am afraid I am a bad bargain to the Queen at present. I am glad E. and B. have taken to archery. There

are so many things girls have opportunities of becoming proficients in, which make them agreeable companions, instead of their being obliged to be gossips in order to while away time. I am sure it is not derogatory to any lady to know how to cook, yet how few know anything about it, especially Irish ladies. I have been dining at a place where the lady of the house expressed a hope that a certain dish was good, as the preparing of it had given her some anxiety. If an Irish lady in her position had made it, she would not have acknowledged it. Some French ladies are very handy with the rifle; I think this is rather a masculine accomplishment, and does not give as good exercise as the bow.

We had a fearful storm here lately; a great many of the huts at Kowloon were blown down: mine escaped, but everything got soaked, and it was miserable. I lost one of my ten men a few days ago. I was envying the man for being in such robust health: he went to hospital and died in two days—the doctors say of heat. . . . I can scarcely keep my hands dry, it is so hot. Excuse the bad ink, the stupidity and the brevity of this letter. When *shall* we meet again? I think if you knew how I am, you would wish me to sink the pride and the good pay, and apply for a Medical Board to send me home.

He would fain have still struggled on to complete the full term of his service, but yielding

to the persuasions of his friends in China, he at last applied for a Medical Board, and was at once ordered home. He writes to his brother P. :—

KOWLOON, *July* 20, 1865.

This is the last letter I shall address to you from this place, as I have accepted the offer to go home in the *Tamar*, which will leave here in about a week. I may have done a foolish thing, but it is too late now to retract, having once made up my mind. I suppose we shall arrive in England in about four months, or perhaps less; this will give me Christmas at home. Somehow I don't feel that exuberance of spirits which is supposed to accompany one's departure for home; but it will be time to sing when I get in sight of England. It is a very long way. We touch at the Cape and Mauritius, and, I believe, St. Helena. I hear that there is likely to be some row at the Cape; if so, we might be detained to give the Kaffirs a lesson. We seem always to be involved in small wars.

They have sent all the men except 100 from here to Hong-Kong, as the place proved unhealthy. I am in better health now than I have been for some time. At this time of the year, every foreigner in Hong-Kong is troubled with boils. I never had them until now. . . .

I wish I had gone home when Colonel Gordon was going; I should now be securely ensconced in

South Kensington. I am afraid now I have not a chance of the post. . . .

Will you look out for a good spaniel for me, I should like a young one. If I had a nice one I could always keep her as a pet, even if I had no shooting. If I am quartered in England, I am afraid I cannot think of hunting, it is so expensive, and my only sport would be the gun. . . . I have been on only one shooting expedition since I came here: it was very dirty work, you had to walk up to the knees in mud looking for snipe. I believe there is good wild-fowl shooting about here, if one knew a little of the country.

This is an extraordinary climate. Some days when the thermometer is 84°, it is insufferably hot; and now it is in the other extreme, the thermometer is 88°, and I had to get up and put on a flannel coat, I was so cold. I suppose it is the moisture in the air which causes the closeness. I have become acclimatized to a certain extent. In-doors, I don't feel the heat so much, but I feel the sun more than when I came out first, and I cannot now walk two miles: that is becoming acclimatized! I have got fearfully thin, but I hope to pull up on the voyage round the Cape. They offered to let me go overland, but having been that way before, and knowing how hot it is, I declined. Good-bye, old fellow. I don't feel in as good spirits as I should at the prospect of meeting you all: four months is a long time—one-third of a year!

On the 26th he wrote a few lines :—

I embark in an hour in the *Tamar*, so can't say much. . . .

Please God, I shall be with you in three months and a half. I will write from Singapore. . . .

On the 5th of August, he sends to his mother the last message she was to receive from his true, loving heart. He enters on the same date in his diary that he feels ill, but he says nothing of this in his letter—evidently withheld from doing so by the fear of alarming her.

H.M.S. *Tamar*, *August* 5, 1865.

"My dearest Mother,—We left Hong-Kong on the 25th ult., and we expect to get to Singapore to-morrow. It is a long passage, twelve days. I hope the remainder of the voyage will be made at a somewhat quicker rate. I think we shall remain at Singapore for three or four days, and then go on to the Mauritius, whence I hope to write to you again.

The *Tamar* is a very fine troop-ship : the accommodation is better than that on board the P. and O. steamers, and I think the living is quite as good. There are a great many invalids on board, and we

have one or two funerals nearly every day, which is very sad. It has got much cooler since we left Hong-Kong, although we have been getting nearer to the equator every day. We have had beautiful weather, quite calm, with showers of rain frequently. I hope to be all right by the time I get home. Now that I have left China, I don't look back on it with very pleasant feelings. I am delighted to get away from it. We have three ladies on board, and many children, who make plenty of noise. We came away in rather a hurry from Hong-Kong. I did not expect that we should leave so soon, and consequently missed getting some things which I had sent for to Canton for you—flower seeds and bulbs, and some Chinese preserved fruits, ginger, and many other things.

We have the band of the 67th Regiment on board; they practise every morning and evening. There is also a little library, so we are not badly off. We have only been going at the rate of five knots an hour; this is owing to bad coals, and the bottom of the ship being covered with barnacles. She is to be scraped at Singapore, and when we get through the Straits of Sunda will be in the Trade Winds, and will sail, when I hope we shall get on faster. . . . For an invalid this is a better route than by the P. and O., as it so hot now in the Red Sea it would almost kill me. We shall find it spring when we arrive at the Cape, which they say is delicious weather there. I don't expect we shall get home before the middle of November. I trust I shall find you all well.

You may expect to hear from me again from Mauritius and the Cape.

With best love to all, ever, my dearest mother,

Your affectionate son,

T. LYSTER.

Long before this letter reached its destination, the hand that wrote it lay cold and still in death; and as the expectant ones at home were looking out hopefully for fresh news in the dear, familiar handwriting, there came instead tidings that wrung their hearts with anguish, and cast for many a day a chill, dark shadow over their lives.

On board the *Tamar*, returning to Ireland with her husband and children, was the wife of an officer of the 9th Regiment, between whose family and the Lysters there existed a friendship of long standing. Through her kind thoughtfulness, the heart-rending intelligence of their bereavement was first broken to them in the following letter:—

H.M.S. *Tamar*, OFF THE MAURITIUS.

August 28, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. ——, —I have a hard task to perform; how to do it I scarcely know, feeling so much

for you and knowing how heartrending the intelligence will be to you all. May God give you strength to break the sad tidings to his poor father, mother, brothers and sisters, that he loved so dearly.

My dear Mrs., —— *your poor nephew, Tom Lyster, is no more.* He was in delicate health when leaving Hong-Kong. The day, August 8th, we arrived at Singapore he complained of weakness. We were to remain a week there; he thought if he went on shore for a few days the change would do him good. When he got to the hotel, he got an attack of ague, so he returned at once and went to bed. The next day fever set in, accompanied by violent dysentery. He suffered from the same thing twice before, once at Shanghai and once in Japan. The doctors thought he would get over it when he got through the Straits of Sunda; but God thought fit to take him to Himself on the 17th of August, five days after leaving Singapore. He died at five in the morning, and was buried at sea in the evening in the Indian Ocean.

He was a great favourite, and had many friends on board. Mr. Lloyd, of the 67th Regt., who shared his cabin, behaved like a brother to him, sitting up at night, and only leaving him for a few moments now and then. No one who knew him could help loving him: he was a fine, handsome, noble-hearted young fellow—so good and generous, and a *true* friend, ever ready to do a good action, without a thought of either the trouble or expense it would cost him. I loved him as a brother, and while I live shall never forget the kindness he showed me while we were at

Hong-Kong. It must be a consolation to his family to know how he loved them: he would never tire of talking of them.

Two days before his death I went into his cabin to see him, little thinking he was in danger. He was sitting in an armchair. I knelt down beside him; he turned his head towards me and said, "Mrs. Cumming, I am very bad." I told him that he must cheer up; I had spoken to the doctors, and they did not think he was in danger. He shook his head and said, "I'm afraid, I'm afraid—I know I am all gone inside." To cheer him, I spoke of home and of his mother. "Ah," he said, "home I shall never see! When lying on my bed I try to think of home, but I cannot realize the idea of ever seeing mother," and then he repeated the word "Mother" two or three times, as if speaking to himself. Had I known he was so near death, I should have asked him to send some message to her. The next day he became delirious, and remained so till his death. I could not write to poor Mrs. Lyster, judging from my own darling mother what agony of mind hers will be. I got my husband to cut off some of her poor boy's hair for her. I would enclose it now, only I fear it might be lost as it is very short, but the moment I arrive in England I shall send it.

As poor Mr. Lyster had a great many valuable "*curios*" on board, besides other things, I suggest that one of his brothers should come to Portsmouth when the *Tamar* arrives, which will be about the first week in November.

Will you, dear Mrs.——, not lose any time in breaking the sad news to Mrs. Lyster, as there is danger of her hearing suddenly from the Horse Guards. May God in His mercy give her strength to bear this terrible bereavement with which He has seen fit to afflict her.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

E. CUMMING.

The following letters of sympathy from General Gordon may interest those who have read so far :—

GOSPORT, *October* 26, 1865.

MY DEAR MADAM,—It is with difficulty I can express to you my sincere condolences on the death of your dear son, who served with me for three years in China, and to whose return I was looking forward with great desire.

I had heard from him at Singapore, and had hoped that he was sufficiently strong to have got home. Major Jebb wrote to me from the Mauritius and told me of the sad event. I cannot say how much your dear son was respected by myself and every one who had anything to do with him. He was a most conscientious, energetic, gallant officer, who devoted himself to his duty, and our regiment can ill spare his loss. As Major Jebb says, "he was a most honourable, hard-working officer." Poor dear fellow, I had hoped to see him again, but it was God's will otherwise.

I believe truly that his heart was right with God, for wherever he has been with me, there he has had his Bible. I feel how futile it is for me to attempt to offer you any consolation in this sad affliction. I can merely add my testimony (to your knowledge of him) of his disinterested gallant conduct while in China, and of the very sincere regret expressed by many of my comrades who were in China with him on my acquainting them with the sad intelligence.

It has pleased God to deprive me within a month of my father and brother-in-law (suddenly).

Trusting He will give you strength to bear this affliction,

Believe me, my dear Madam,
Yours sincerely,
C. G. GORDON.

ROYAL LABORATORY, GOSPORT, *November* 10, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. LYSTER,—I must apologize for not having answered your very kind note before this, but I hoped to have been able to send you my *carte de visite*. As I shall not be able to do so for a short time, I must write to thank you for your letter.

I have asked Sanford, a comrade of your dear brother, to send you the last work your brother did with me, namely, a survey of the country around Shanghai. He was a very zealous, hard-working officer, and took a great interest in everything he laid hands to. I can with difficulty realize his loss, and I feel so much for your mother and your family,

who must have been so proud of him. I had been working for his return home for months, and Fowke, one of our officers, would have got him the appointment at Kensington if he had come home to us. Two days ago the *Tamar* steamed into the harbour, and reminded me of the poor fellow. I went on board, but heard that they had sent his effects to London or Chatham. Lieutenant Carden, 67th Regiment, had left for London: he had come home viâ the Cape, and was on board when your brother died. I am very sorry I did not see him. I could learn no fresh particulars from the officers of the ship.

What can I say to comfort Mrs. Lyster in her bereavement! I have given my humble testimony to his value as a friend and officer, and I can also say what is of infinitely more import—that he lived a Christian life; which in China is not easy, and so, having by his walk confessed his Master on earth, we may in humble confidence believe that our Lord will not deny him on that day when we shall all stand before God. Mrs. Lyster will be supported in her affliction by the knowledge that God does not afflict willingly, but that He chastens in love.

If I ever happen to pass over, I will (D.V.) pay her a visit, and, in the meantime, please present my sincere sympathy, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

C. G. GORDON.

In conclusion, we give an extract from one of

the many kind letters received by his family from his comrades and others, bearing testimony to the esteem in which he was held by all who knew him. It is from Lieut. R. E. Cane, R.A., and is addressed to the father of his friend.

Though I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, I cannot help writing to express to you my sorrow and deep sympathy with you on the death of your dear son. . . . We had been comrades in China since 1862. . . . The last long walk I had in Hong-Kong was with him, and just before we parted, on my leaving for England (poor fellow, how little either of us thought it was our last earthly parting), he gave me his photograph and a most beautiful little ivory carving, on which he had my name engraved, with his usual kind thoughtfulness. He will be greatly and sincerely regretted by his old comrades in China, he was greatly liked, and even more respected. It would not be easy to find a truer friend, a better man, or a more hard-working and excellent officer.

If anything can in any way console you for the loss of such a son, it will be the certain knowledge that his high principle, goodness of heart, and strict sense of duty, gained him the confidence and esteem of all who knew him, superiors, inferiors, and equals, and that his memory with all his friends and companions will be an unmixed recollection of all that was hopeful and good.

MEMORANDUM RESPECTING THE SERVICES OF THE LATE LIEUTENANT LYSTER, ROYAL ENGINEERS.

Having been requested to state my opinion respecting the services of the late Thomas Lyster, Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, who died on his way home from China in 1865, I feel a sad pleasure in relating what I am acquainted with of his services.

Lieutenant Lyster, R.E., landed in China in August, 1862, and was at once employed in active operations against the rebels, who were then threatening Shanghai. For twelve months he was most actively engaged either in direct operations with the British troops against the rebels, or in surveying the country around Shanghai, which had hitherto been a *terra incognita* to the European settlers, and without this survey the efforts of the troops would have proved futile in a great many instances.

In 1863 he was sent as commanding Royal Engineers to Japan, where he had the superintendence and arrangement of the troops sent over there to protect the mercantile interests when it seemed probable that war would break out with the Daimios. From thence he was invalided to Hong-Kong, with

the recommendation of the Medical Board that he should go home; but he thought that it would be a slur on him to leave under a medical certificate, and therefore remained on till August, 1865, when the authorities ordered him before a Medical Board again, and sent him home. His health, severely tried in China and Japan, was, however, quite shattered: he sunk rapidly, and expired at sea on his way home.

Intimately connected with Lieutenant Lyster both in the field and garrison, I can testify to his most valuable services. He was a most zealous, brave, and enterprising young officer, and our corps lost a valuable member in him. His services were thoroughly appreciated by three generals he served under—by Generals Staveley, Brown, and Grey, who thought most highly of him.

In concluding my statement, I must add, that I think my late brother officer sacrificed himself to his profession, and paid the penalty of his life, humanly speaking, that the service should not suffer; for it was the opinion of the doctors that he would have recovered if he had gone home in 1864, when he was first brought before a Medical Board.

C. G. GORDON,

Captain R.E., 2nd Batt., Lieut.-Colonel.

November, 1867.

APPENDIX.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN D. MC. S. SMITH OF THE *ELFIN*.

S.S. *Elfin*, KIN-KIANG, *June* 12, 1864.

As we were all in readiness, Mr. Hammond came on board with my sailing orders, and brought me twenty-two men picked of Colonel Gordon's body-guard, who had been eighteen months in the field with him, and fought at the taking of all the cities from which he drove the rebels. They are armed with Enfield rifles and bayonets, and thoroughly drilled, and about the best specimen of Chinese soldiers that I have seen.

My orders were to proceed direct to Kin-Kiang, which is 232 miles *down* the river. On arrival there I was to go to Silver Island, about two miles farther down, and report myself and deliver despatches to Colonel Gordon, whom I should find there with the English Consul. My written order directed me to

place myself under his orders, and take him and his staff wherever he might want to go. I arrived in due time in Kin-Kiang, making a very quick run down, and, although never on the river before, I got on *without a pilot*. I went in a sail-boat down to Silver Island, getting there about 7 o'clock in the evening. I found Colonel Gordon there and delivered my message. He received me in a very friendly manner, and told me to take a full supply of coals, and when the vessel was ready he wished to proceed to Nankin, the great stronghold of the rebels. He came on board next day, and brought with him Lieutenant Lyster of the Royal Engineers, Mr. Hobson and his interpreter, Ching, a Mandarin, and his Chinese interpreter, and a lot of others. We got up to and past Nankin without getting a shot from the batteries, though the rebels knew the *Elfin* well, and that she is in the Imperial service. I anchored in a creek above the city at half-past ten at night. An Imperial gun-boat came alongside soon, and Colonel Gordon sent a letter on shore to acquaint the Imperial General with his arrival. An answer came back that night to say that the General would receive Gordon at 10.30 next morning, and would send down an escort and horses for himself and his staff. Next morning, the nags having arrived, Colonel Gordon asked me to accompany him, and we landed. The distance from the ship to the General's headquarters was six miles, and the whole of the way was lined with soldiers, in some places two deep and four deep,

every soldier with a flag in his hand about a mile-and-a-half of the way up to the stockades. We passed through a deep ravine, winding, and the effect of the flags was really very pretty. As our procession passed, they fired salutes, and the bands struck up. Colonel Gordon rode in a handsome chair, Lieutenant Lyster, Mr. Hobson, and I on horses. There must have been about 15,000 or 20,000 men turned out to receive Gordon. The General is one of the highest in the Empire, and he couldn't have paid his Emperor a greater compliment were he to visit him.

Gordon holds the highest rank in the Chinese Empire. The Emperor presented him with a yellow coat; there are only eight altogether in the Empire. On this occasion he wore his uniform of a Colonel in the Royal Engineers. I have read of politeness and etiquette, but the Chinese Mandarins exceed everything I ever *imagined*. After the reception and no end of *chin-chinning*, as Colonel Gordon wanted to have a long talk with the General about the object of his visit, viz., the taking of Nankin, Mr. Lyster and I asked permission to ride over the lines and round the walls of the city. The General immediately put a high Mandarin at our service with horses and an escort, and we took our leave and started off on our ride. We rode over a distance altogether of thirty-two miles, nearly round the city, and from one point—the last we came to—could see the remainder, and it was so high that we could see into the city. There was

very little firing going on, as the rebels are very short of ammunition, and don't answer the firing the lines, batteries, and y range of the walls, and e rode within pistol-range. The Imperialists have an army of 70,000 fighting men in lines that cover over 18 miles of ground, and take in 122 batteries and stockades. On the sea-front they have 900 gun-boats, and yet they have been eleven years trying to dislodge the rebels. On one occasion, three years ago, the *Chang-Mows* made a sally in concert with an army which took the Imperialists in rear, and the latter were driven away into the interior; but now they stand a better chance of taking the place than ever, as they have it thoroughly invested, and they only want pluck enough to make the assault. In one place they mined the walls, and there is a capital breach. Now they have a mine in another place, which only wants forty yards of the foot of the walls. Mr. Lyster examined it, and said it was very well constructed. The shaft is a great depth, as it has to go under the canal.

They are very short of provisions in the city. Rice is 110 dollars per vessel of 133 lbs.; everything else in proportion. The other day they sent out 3,000 women, as they could not feed them.

We got back to the ship at about 8 o'clock in the evening, and I can tell you I was rather tired. Next morning the *Confucius* steamer arrived from Shanghai with despatches for Colonel Gordon, and

news that General Burgevine and about fifty Europeans were on their way to join the rebels in Nankin. The former commanded the Anglo-Chinese army, but deserted to the rebels at Souchow. The *Confucius* saw nothing of them in the river, though they searched every creek, and two other steamers with two hundred men of the 67th Regiment (Queen's) were also sent out. She brought Colonel Gordon's recall from the Chinese Service, and orders for him, after he had visited all the places he wanted to go to, to return to Shanghai, where I believe he is to take command of the defence force. A copy of the *Times* came with his despatches, with the debate in Parliament on the Chinese Question—all about Gordon and Osborn, &c. His object in coming up the river was to visit Nankin and examine the strength of the place, to see all the Chinese officials and men in high places, and try to induce them to allow him to bring his siege-train—with which he took all the other cities and Souchow finally—with his army up to Nankin and assist them to take the place. He wanted none of the credit, and he told the General that he did not even want his name to appear in his despatches to the Emperor, and that he would guarantee to take the place in three days from the time he got his siege-train up and in position. The General at Nankin said that he would be very glad to have him to fight with them, but as they were sure of taking the city in a little time, he declined his assistance; but said, in an awfully polite manner,

"that he hoped soon to have the pleasure of receiving a visit from him *within* the walls of Nankin." They are all very jealous of Colonel Gordon, as he has done so much with his army in such a short time. The next day I was too knocked up to go on shore, so remained quietly on board, and the chief officer went on shore with Colonel Gordon at my request. I also got horses from the Mandarin in command down at the creek for the chief and second engineers, and consequently I was left all alone on board. I received the visits of about one hundred Mandarins, who came to call on the English General (Gordon), whose Chinese name is "*Chung-Sing-Ko*," or, in English, "The great General Ko." A Chinese card is the size of a large sheet of note-paper—larger than this—with the name in the *left-hand* corner. We always sign a document at the right-hand corner, the Chinese at the left. Having seen the process of official reception the day before at the General's, I was quite up to the thing, and, after I had *chin-chinned* each in turn, and presented them with cups of tea, with my own hands, as the General did to me, I had champagne, claret, sherry, brandy, rum, and other liquors put on the table; and I can tell you the Mandarins soon found out the use of them, and drank them off in rotation, mixing their liquors to a frightful extent, till they began to talk of their friends, and became very jolly, and said and swore, I have no doubt, that I was the best fellow they ever met! We were the first Europeans that ever went round Nankin.

The next day the General, with a tremendous train of Mandarins, came to return Gordon's visit. We gave him three guns on coming on board, with Gordon's body-guard drawn up at the gangway, and the same at going away. After the official "talkey" was over, I showed him over the ship. He was delighted with his visit, and would have made me a Mandarin, but Colonel Gordon advised me to decline the honour at first, as he can get me that honour at any time, should I desire it. But I am told that the benefits to be derived would not counterbalance the amount of trouble entailed. . . .

After spending three days at Nankin, we left and proceeded up the river to Nganking, a very large walled and fortified city in the hands of the Imperialists, where the elder brother of the General at Nankin commands. His name is *San-Ko-Fan*, and he is one of the most influential men in the Empire. Colonel Gordon visited him, and almost the same ceremony was gone through, but he did not return the visit, as Mr. Hammond came down from Kin-Kiang quite unexpectedly, and as there is a large army of rebels, about forty thousand, passing close at the back of Kin-Kiang to the relief of the rebels in Nankin, the *Taou-Tai*, or Governor of the province here, wanted the *Elfin* back, and also to see Colonel Gordon. We came back here, and although it was Gordon's intention to go back to Nankin again, and also to pay a visit to Hankow up the river, owing to letters which he received, he went straight back to Shanghai; and I now have a

lot of carpenters busy making alterations in the vessel and placing some guns on board : two-pounder brass howitzers forward, two small swivel guns after, and also a brass howitzer. I am to have a complement of Gordon's Artillerymen on board. I am also painting ship, and altogether up to my eyes in business through the day, and have to suffer eight o'clock dinners on shore at the Hongs and at Mr. Hammond's. How much I should enjoy all this excitement and pleasure if I only knew that with you all was right !

UNWIN BROTHERS, THE GRESHAM PRESS, CHILWORTH AND LONDON.

00098564

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on 15 October, 2018